



Italian Portraits  
In Gogadine Frames





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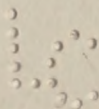
ITALIAN PORTRAITS  
IN ENGADINE FRAMES

G. E. X.

Painter, Mrs Lydia Uebel (farmer)

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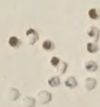
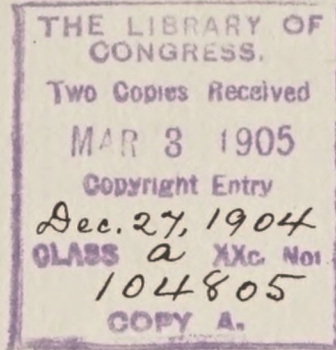


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of them this is number





To  
My dearest Kenyon.

Before putting pen to paper Racine was wont to exclaim, "Ma tragedie est fait!"—as much finished to him, as after the "march and splendour" of his pen's language had by recording it put it within the grasp of other minds.

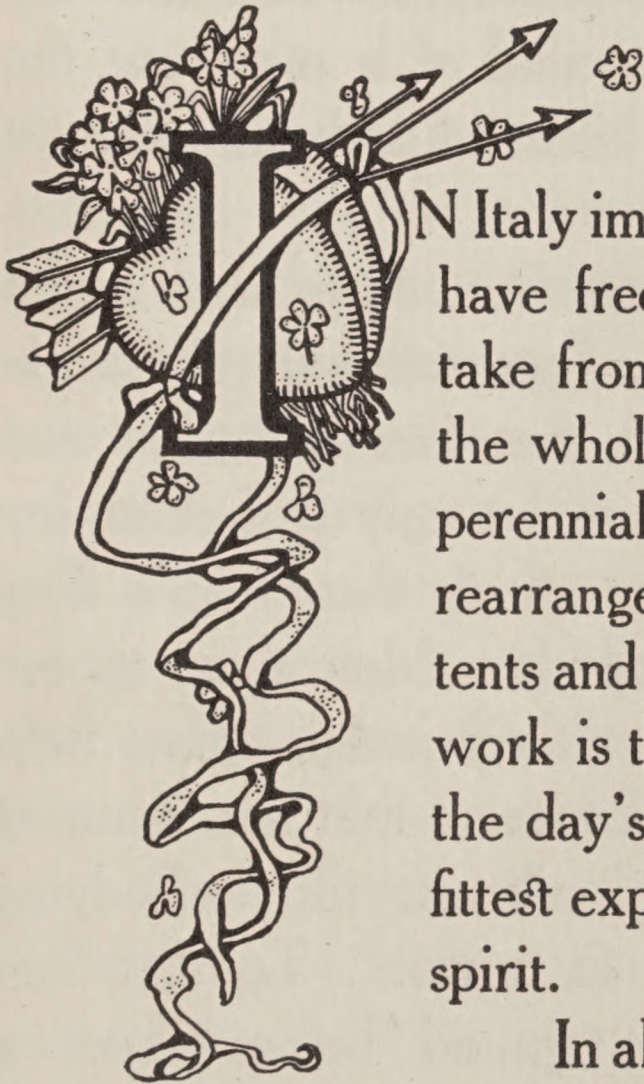
In a sense all histories are tragedies, as all tragedies are histories; and as life in itself is one never-ending tragedy, the history of it is of ever new interest. But some of these tragedies are so gentle in their nature, so elusive in their sentiments that if they are to be recorded, it must be in language as gentle and simple as Racine's is grand and splendid.

"So the year's done with!  
(Love me forever.)"





# ITALIAN PORTRAITS IN ENGADINE FRAMES



IN Italy imagination may have free range, may take from and give to the whole landscape a perennial charm, may rearrange nature's intents and methods until work is the greatest of the day's delights and fittest expression of the spirit.

In all lands where nature is gentle, bright, winning, vexation



of spirit does not survive—it is not the fittest.

Italy's voice is full of call notes and song is her language. Blooming flowers and fruiting trees, sunlight, starlight, air and sapphire sea evoke response the truest from the soul of a man, are the inspirators of his mind and the teachers of his hand.

In Italy the Past sleeps and nature says, "Let be: tear not away the tangle and the bloom, the vines and moss and you will not see the ugly gashes in my side, nor start afresh the blood's flow from cruel wounds. Men come to me to find help to their imaginations, help in giving expression to that fine sense of the soul they call art, and embodying that sense in fit forms. To that end I everywhere spread before them a wealth of beauty, everywhere cover the



unsightly, everywhere make to-day more winsome than yesterday.

To-day see, yesterday let be. The waste places I have covered with fresh clean life, to the noisome places my sunshine will not penetrate,—why you?"

In Italy, La Felice is my tent's plateau, where from time to time I go with Leo—my unquestioning, responsive Leo—and there I "lengthen the cords and strengthen the pegs" of my tent and entering into possession of this land's splendid inheritance, it's open-handed gifts to nature-lovers, I set up my small canvas and unpack my sketching blocks and seek to gain the thing for which men come to this land of inspiration.

To-day then is mine! Nature makes it the thing of beauty that it is; across yesterday, out of it's light is projected no shadow into to-morrow. The yesterdays



do not ask of it—the to-morrows make no promise to it, one immortal day it is! Therefore nature may well make boast—"no past is mine, no future—" but with strength untrammelled gives to every day her immortal wonder work.

From Felice I see none of Italy's scars, none of her mortal wounds. Close covered they are hidden deep away. Nature keeps her promise. Everywhere her world is glorious, everywhere her beauty supreme. It lies along the mountain's side, comes down to stop on plateaus, to run on with the merry rivulets, to take rest in the shade of orchards and groves, to go on to the very edge of the sparkling sea there to be scattered like bright-sheened pearls around the shores of Naples' Bay.

From Felice I see it all, near sheen and far sheen, blue sky and bluer sea,



making that long chain of familiars—  
Naples, Ischia, Procida, Sorrento, Capri,  
Vesuvius, and all of them presenting  
themselves to Felice with ineffable charm.

Capri, my near and beautiful  
neighbor, is always in festa. Her  
orange, lemon and olive groves, her  
vineyards and her tangled vines climb  
over and cling to her rugged cliffs until  
she carries them, a heedless suicidal  
throng, sheer over her sides into the  
very arms of the sea. Then too, better  
than any other, Felice watches the  
mysterious sapphire sea enter the blue-  
wonder-cave where in the bosom of  
"The Island Pearl" it gives a full  
revealment of unrivaled beauty.

Oh marvelous sea, keeping the  
pulse of every lover of thee athrob, it  
is a daring venture to imitate thy  
morning and evening mysteries, the glow



of thy twilight's gold, the flush of thy crimson dawn. The life upon thy shores art approaches in semblance only, yet approach there must be if man quench not the fervor in his soul, but, oh save the semblance from being travesties of thee!

Why do we love thee so—thou who dost not ask any to be thy lovers—thou who lovest none? Men may come and go, indifferent to thee as thou to them; may be wholly blind to thy beauty, scoff at thee, it is all one to thee, thou who hast no returns to make them, no favors to ask of them. But, here where thou wearest such superb and splendid beauty, revealest such tender and inspiring moods, a man must prostrate himself in adoration, must warm his heart with love of thee, must drink such inspiration to his soul that love of



thee takes him in possession, holds him,  
lifts him until thy beauty is with every  
passion blended!

As through a telescope I see the  
life on the shores of Felice's sea, the  
heavens are unfailingly blue above, the  
sea its earthly counterpart, all between  
is my imagination's playground.

Higher up among the olives is a  
little mount I name Olivet. The  
monastery that crowns it is old, so old  
that any young life in it seems to be  
prematurely aged. The apartness of  
monastery-life bears a relationship to that  
of tent-life and is doubtless the reason of  
the neighborly exchange of courtesies  
that passes between us at Felice with  
the brothers on Olivet. Their curious  
legends and not less curious versions of  
everyday news and gossip make good  
"in the world but not of the world," and



gives to Leo and me the happy chance of keeping in touch with the world without going into its centers.

Among these brothers is one Antonio, younger than the rest, of slighter build, softer ways; one whose hands handle with gentleness, and caress with a tender sentiment even such things as the tiny ferns that keep the face of youth on the gray old walls. So little has Antonio to say that when he speaks I know not whether it is his messages or his voice that charms me most.

His messages are sweet and simple;—he found a wounded bird, he dropped back into the sea a poor fish left as worthless by some fisherman;—but to every story his voice gives that touch that "makes the whole world kin". Full, rich, flute-like is the voice of this brother, revealing the consummate gift



of love that is its secret. It was this voice of Antonio's that one day gave life to a name that otherwise had continued to be to me the name of a stranger. In recounting the works good and otherwise of their neighbors about, the brothers often mentioned that of a certain good "maestro" — "padre" — "amico" — never tiring recounting in detail this good man's benefactions to them and to the poor outside their walls. If they spoke his name I had let it pass unnoticed until one day the brother Antonio added to the oft repeated story, "And it was love—love! that made the soul of the good maestro so beautiful," and my interest awakened.

Love? I questioned,—but Antonio was walking away toward the brow of the hill that overlooked the gardens of the Orcadi Villa and only answered, "love!"



Then the brothers told me it was at the Villa Orcadi that their good friend had lived, and that from there he had dispensed such benefactions as only a princely hand that is the servitor of a more princely heart can.

My portfolio already contained many sketches of this lovely villa, shut in on all sides but the sea's among the flower-crested waves of its own gardens' splendid bloom. These gardens were not open to the public, on the contrary were kept closely closed and I owe my good fortune in having access to them to Leo, who as we chanced to be passing one day took advantage of the gate's being open to run in and exchange with the gardener those masonic-sort-of-signs that establish the right to a friendly acquaintance between men and animals, and so reversing the adage "love me



love my dog" the gardener for Leo's sake gave me the freedom of this lovely place. I had remarked, on the outside wall near the gate, a shrine to the Holy Virgin hung over with small offerings from women and bambinos, who failed not to intercede for the safe return of the "good padre."

With his absence they came short of many a blessed charity, albeit their prayers at the gate-side shrine were in no way less fervent.

Curiosity did not tempt me to outrage the privileges the gardener had given me but everything pertaining to this love-made Eden was of a delightful and almost vital interest to me. Why? I did not then know, nor did it occur to me to want to know.

A shrine inside the garden wall was high up among the spreading limbs



of a great pine;—a small shrine of exquisite workmanship representing the ascension of the Virgin, the figure of St. Cecilia kneeling and with hands resting on the strings of her harp, her eyes turned aloft in reverent adoration. Opposite to this shrine and in near proximity was a large over-hanging window, so screened and shaded by that loveliest of vines the bougainvillea, that only the garden-favored would be able to discover it.

The splendid purple bloom of the royal vine draped the whole window as with lace Tyrian-dyed and hung in long festoons almost to the ground; while the clematis and passion flowers climbed the walls to meet it from below. Round about, thickset in order, rose trees grew and bloomed and filled the air with their never-to-be-mistaken perfume.



This window held a charm for me. I sketched it in all the phases that the varying lights and shadows of the day gave to it.

In the early morning, before the sun drank the dew from the clustering bloom, there exhaled a freshness as from a world new made: at mid-day the birds sought shelter from the sun and turned it into a tuneful aviary and in the evening the twilight hung it round with a soft mistiness that deepening with the night let it sink back into its own beautiful mystery. Mystery? Why mystery?

"Did a woman ever—would I know?

Watch the man

With whom began

Love's voyage,—"

and if there had been such a woman had she found the man "like pure gold,

—tried by touchstone test?"



As often as I sketched this window I followed its outlook on and into the pine tree shrine and the fancy grew strong that both window and shrine were the keepers of sweet and dear histories: and I liked to think how safely they would keep them

"'gainst high and low."

The one other keeper of all that was here bound up with a very real dearness, was, I felt sure, the sea. On the one open side of the garden—and through which the villa looked far into the world of men—a flight of half a dozen marble steps accompanied by every manner of stately tree and clustering things in green, led from the there converging paths down into the blue water. The sea had washed the marble of these steps to smoothness and tinged it with a green softness wherein



two lines of legend had been cut.

"Sweet imaginings are as an air,  
A melody some wondrous singer sings."

Here it was I liked to begin and end my morning's or evening's visit; liked to take out my several sketches and lay them against their own background. Was the inspiration of these sweet imaginings their air and melody?

Oh, the charm of romancing with the true!

No one season's visit to Felice had ever been so full of charm and it was only after repeated postponement that I came early one morning to say our adieux and for a season to leave these skies, air, flowers, sea: leave all as we found them,—each,

—"pursuing its own thought—  
No pride, no shame, no victory, no defeat."

\* \* \* \*



The previous evening we had gone for our good-by hour with the brothers. Antonio's hand had never lingered so long in its caress of Leo nor had his voice ever been so near to that of the "wondrous singer". Evening invites loitering and with nothing more of the day to do, a man may let his tent stand open to his will. Monasteries however, may not be thus free and so when the hour struck for our departure we said a "God bless you,"—received a "God bless you" and with Antonio's hand clasp last and longest lingering we went by way of Felice to the sea.

All nature seemed self-abandoned through that quiet night. The eyes-of-day were closed leaving star with star in fellowship, the sea and shore in sweet companionship—



"The strong in strength, the weak in weakness fixed," and, "God's approval on his universe.

That night—that quiet night!"

The six smooth, water-washed steps led us up from the sea into the gardens of the Orcadi Villa. How close the sound to Gardens-of-Arcadia! If close the names, here, closer the relationship.

Good-by we had come to say.  
"Good-by" we said and left,  
"The Muse forever wedded to her lyre,  
The Nymph to her fawn, the Silence to  
her rose."

Then,

"Round the cape of a sudden came  
the sea,

The sun looked over the mountain's rim;  
And straight was a path of gold for him,  
And the need of a world of men for me."

\* \* \* \*



From Felice we went by old familiar paths into the garden-fields of France where year by year millions of flowers go to a premature death that the soul of them may be saved. The flower must go, such the law of these fields, but that their fragrance the essential of them is saved, quiets the sympathies and reconciles this seeming "slaughter of the innocents." Still, Leo and I did not like the manner of these children's "taking off"—the operation is not delicate, the headsmen bungling. Nature is shorn of its beauty; the evidence of the love of earth, air, sun, rain to the plant, is swept by the gleaner's hand away; the pleasure to the eye is gone and the time for the conserved fragrance not come.

There is always left to him who likes not, a sure way of escape into other fields. If in no other way the wicket-



of-imagination stands open between field and field, and the unloved drama of one field may easily enough be relegated to that where fancy constructs to the goddess Flora temples, hangs within them incense-burning lamps. Mark the fragrance of her children's lives! This act carries the mind to where it pleasures itself; sees the possibilities of the earth-bound, feels the mystic charm of relationship that runs through the whole process of reincarnation; a process obedient to law and yet triumphant over it.

Year by year Leo and I looked at the world's landscapes from the dear vantage ground of our tent's plateaux, its fields and mountain heights. Year by year we journeyed by the same paths into and out of the flower-fields of France, and on to the mountains of the



Engadine,—loveliest heights they of all the lands-of-snow and sunshine! When we had said a year's good-by to Felice and to the garden-fields, we always took our way with gipsy indirectness toward the semi-rugged and wholly picturesque beauties of that country that slopes so gently down from the snows and ice of its "everlasting hills" into the valleys, groves and meadows of sweet Italy. The delight of a wandering way between tent ground and tent ground grows as we thread the narrow valleys that follow the chain of little lakes which lead up and out from the land of orange groves into the land of pine.

There was an old love spot for us high up and far away in this Engadine country, a spot where nature wore a splendidly stern face and where her atmosphere commanded us rather than



wooed us as at Felice. This being so, we change our manner of approach. She is not self abandoned in her mountain fastnesses as among gardens of her Mediterranean shores, where the lover-of-her approaches her with words of worshipful adulation. It is with a voice ringing and hearty that we salute her through the mountain's crisp air.

The indirect way of our going gave us the charm of novelty, new acquaintance among old familiars, and brought us late one afternoon into a narrow ascending path from which the tall pines shut out the too fast fading light. We walked with that briskness which denotes a well defined purpose in travellers—the purpose of getting to lodgings before night—and in this instance I believed we should fail our purpose and have to make the best of a forest's bivouac.



It was that same sudden turn in the path, that same flash of light through the gathering gloom that changed for us, as for many a world farer, our fortunes. A traveller does not believe himself asleep, neither adreaming when with brain and nerves alert he is pushing along for so definite an object as a night's lodging, but with that sudden turn in the path, that flash of light through the pine's deep shadows I quite believed I saw a mirage floating in misty dimness above me. Not the Orcadi garden with its sea-washed marble steps, neither clinging, blooming vines sending their fragrance down to me but the villa's garden side, its wondrous window looking out into the pine's high tops and there in one of these, the tiny blood red flame burning before a replica of the shrine to the Holy Virgin! I was willing to believe



I saw a vision, a mirage vision-like, come to rest among the tree tops high over my path. A dream it was, but in beauty to the life. How other than in a dream should I see here, in the heart of the Engadine, the counterpart of those lovely features of the Orcadi Villa? With a curious interest I drew nearer, made a slight detour from the path to get a better look into the window's face and to see if by shifting my point of view the whole would not vanish, sink down into the shadows or float away with the white clouds that were flecking the sky. It did neither, but on the contrary discovered to me the solid foundations of a mountain chalet.

Slowly I made a wide circuit round about until with wonder and delight in happy conflict I stoped before the door. I did not hesitate to knock and in a



moment my knock was answered by a woman, native to the country, and who after giving Leo a pleasant glance invited us to enter, according to us that hospitable welcome which is characteristic of the people of the mountains. The woman took my knapsack, laid it in a corner not far removed from the door, while Leo and I walked across the white sanded floor to the wide fire place in which a small fire of pine logs was blazing.

Treating us more like expected travellers than belated ones asking hospitality, the woman said in a half apologetic way, that her husband was late to-night but that he was sure to come shortly, and taking from an old-fashioned dresser an extra plate proceeded to lay it at the right hand of a plate that was on the table next



the fire. This done she gave me a pleasant courtesy and went out through a small door that led to the kitchen.

Looking about the room, as I stood with my back to the fire, I remarked its size and its appointments, which last though wholly suitable to a mountain home were not usual either to homes of native residents or to those who come for the summer season. An unusual feature of the room was a low flight of steps, four in number, that extended from the chimney to the side wall of the room, and covered with a Persian carpet that reached on from the upper step across a shallow landing of some five feet to a wall screened with tapestry, on which in colors toned and softened by age, a mediaeval hunting scene was distinctly visible. This tapestry hung in heavy folds at a point indicating a door.



On a high-back carved seat between two of the recessed windows some good skins were thrown, and on the floor a large white bear skin, the head evidently used for a foot stool.

The table that was spread for the evening meal stood not far from the high seat and was furnished with simple, dainty china, fine thin glass and shinningly white silver. A small bowl filled with Alpine flowers was placed on the side of the table next the seat, and underneath the clustering leaves, almost hidden was a small bell-shaped wine glass. Opposite the bowl of flowers and wine glass stood a cushioned chair with arms broad and flat on one of which lay a book.

As the clock struck seven the outside door opened and the woman's husband came in, greeting me respectfully. Both the man and woman were



good types of a good kind, and I was recounting to the man as I had to his wife, the happy chance that had brought me to their hospitable roof, when the woman came from the kitchen carrying the hot dish for the evening meal, and giving her husband a smile of greeting, in which there was a certain suggestion, proceeded to place the dish on the table.

The man went up to the door concealed by the tapestry on the landing at the top of the four steps and touched lightly a bell, then returned to the fireside. I had already surmised that these people were not the house-holders, but that they held a position better than that the title servants commonly conveys, was apparent. While I waited the real interest I felt grew, so that by the time I saw the tapestry lifted I had persuaded myself its lifting would reveal the figure of a



woman, as all the indications hereabouts warranted my expecting. Not so. A man, taller by two inches than six feet, stepped almost quickly from beneath the raised tapestry, stopped a hardly to be perceived moment, and then came directly down the steps, advancing to where I stood gave me his hand and bade me welcome with a kindliness marked by a dignity that carried it almost to the point of stateliness. I had many times been the recipient of a kind and hearty hospitality from the simple mountain folk whose unpretentious doors seem to stand open to the belated traveller, but this habitation seemed to have been purposely hidden away in the mountain solitudes, removed presumably with intent from any path a traveller would be following, and yet Leo and I were received with that cordial kindliness



and with that gracious high-bred courtesy extended to expected friends. As I felt the touch of the man's thin warm hand, I noticed that the slight smile that parted the lips had in it more of the benign than the careless movement of pleasure, though the man's manner was one of that kind of pleasure that comes from the habit of taking joy in all things, recognizing and accepting as pleasurable any such circumstance as my incidental visit. Thus it was that notwithstanding this man had evidently removed himself with intent from the high-ways of the world, he was none the less my cordial and hospitable host. With a manner of extremest courtesy he motioned me to the chair to the right of the cushioned one, and at the end of a moment of grace we sat down at the table.



Looking at my host I saw his rich brown hair was touched with gray, his eyes dark even to black in the firelight, were bright with feeling, calm in their movement, while his tall figure was one of exceeding grace. His mind held supreme command over a fine, nervous sensitiveness that vibrated through his entire being and gave to him great repose of manner but no suppression of a very real and altogether charming vivacity. Never does the fiber of a man show itself so unmistakably as when he is approaching the meridian of his life's tenure of office. Is he from henceforth to be old?—the out-ward signs unlovely?—the inner being without resource? Destiny had not so written "among the stars" the fate of this man, and he had not blurred the written law of his destiny. I liked the man!



Strange?—I had not remarked that my host noticed Leo where he lay stretched in confident familiarity before the fire, until without looking Leo's way he said, "A fine dog you have for a companion". Assenting, I explained how I had been led by Leo's sagacity into the path that ended in the happy chance of this hospitality; to which my host made no direct rejoinder but after a casual remark about the sagacity of animals led the conversation into that easiest of channels, travel. In no long time we were nearing the Mediterranean, traveling surely toward dear Felice: and feeling myself to be under the inspiration of a good listener I talked on with increasing enthusiasm, my words aglow with the admiration I felt for all Italy but especially for my favorite Felice, and the wealth of charm of the world about.



My host joined in my enthusiasms heartily, went with evident delight in my going and my coming over the sea to Sorrento, to Ischia, to Capri; but how came it we never landed at the marble steps of the Orcadi Villa nor wandered through its gardens? How came it the wondrous window with its more wondrous clinging, fragrant life had not caught from afar the artist's eye? I felt my avoidance of that Arcadia; why did I avoid that spot outdoing all others on the shores of its sapphire sea? My seeming ignorance of it was a false note, a poor compliment to my host and to myself; but when we conceive the whole truth may not fly her pennant at the fore, no craft does herself credit. However, before we had finished supper we were friends; that kind of friends that knowing nothing know all. The magic door had swung lightly on



its hinges; his hand or mine might now easily enough swing it wide into the domains of either; and this I saw, that there was deep in this man's soul one closed door through which no man might pass; neither would any know the times and the seasons of his own passing within.

As our fellowship grew I came to question if indeed he ever truly lived on the world-side of that door, but I never questioned from whence that consummate joyousness which gave one to feel that he came forth to meet the day braced with acquiescence in the law of life and in its, so far, fulfillment, and that he went forward with an almost impatient expectation. Of what?

At the end of a short hour my host rose from the table, made the sign of the cross, reverently pressing his hand above his heart, and taking from the bowl of



flowers an Alpine rose put it in the lappet of his long, fur-lined coat and turned toward the fire.

It was plain to see that the man and woman whom my host named in speaking Tomasso and Marta, shared in a regard rarely accorded to servants. Tomasso placed our chairs near the hearth, set a table with a lamp between them, and withdrew with his wife to the other room. Leo got up from the hearth where he had been sleeping the sleep of a tired traveller and looking into our host's face sat down close beside him. The thin hand, gentle as a woman's, rewarded Leo's confidence with a lingering caress and as I was about to tell of brother Antonio's love for my dog, my host asked,— "and have you your Felice portfolio with you?" For an hour, whatever my words, my



mind had been busy with the villa and its owner, the "good doctor"—"the great maestro, padre, prince." With the window too so like that other, and so far as climate permitted marvelous in its close likeness. How came the window's counterpart here in the heart of this mountain-land? And this man, of so delicate, rare a personality, was it possible that this could be the man of whom the Benedictine brothers had said, "there is none other like him!" I questioned and yet it now seemed an easy possibility, and I felt to know my host to be none other than the "maestro"—"amico"—the prince Orcadi. I brought my portfolio to the table and spread out the sketches one by one. The fire had burned to a comfortable lowness, allowing us to sit so near that its light added a warmth and glow without which the sketches



would have lacked the mellow richness that made them true to life. As I held one and another in the soft glow of the firelight and made comment on the place and time it was sketched, his eyes and voice gave me unstinted praise. It seemed to me each sketch received a caress-like touch, and one, without apparent intent, he laid where his arm rested upon it and as though to decide between its merits and some other often looked at it.

My sketches were not for sale that he knew, and he made no reference to his acquaintance with the scenes they represented. The clock on the high mantel shelf struck eleven before my host made the move for good night, and when he did he held the sketch of his choice in one hand saying, "I would see this in the early morning light—and now,



how may I name you who have brought my Italy,—my home—to me?" That short moment, that small measure of time not to be defined, dropped its silence between us and then giving him my name I saluted him with the not-to-be-disguised reference I felt for "the good"—"the great padre et maestro"—"the beloved Prince Orcadi".

He held my hand in earnest grasp, then wishing me sound sleep called Tomasso to show me to my room, and ascended the flight of four steps with that nervous movement which was so marked a characteristic of his manner. Leo had followed him, keeping close to his side, and as though to interpret the dog's desire as well as his own, he said, "If you will allow the dog to indulge his mood I believe he will domicile with me," and patting Leo, added, "Eh, my



fine fellow?". The voice rather than the words betrayed more than the interpretation of the dog's wish, but with only a second "good night" the quick nervous hand pushed aside the tapestry that hung before the door, and the tall figure of Orcadi with Leo his henceforth constant companion, passed through and closed the door.

Tomasso lighted a candle, took up my knapsack and went before me to the room at the end of the landing. No room on first acquaintance had seemed so entirely mine. I went directly to one of the three windows. Outside the night was full of the sounds of the forest, the gentle rain of pine needles falling ceaselessly down; the almost as gentle rustle of the leaves in their gossip with the passing breezes, while through them, and as though to lend sanction to their



communings the white light from the window met and mingled with the dim red rays that fell from the Virgin's lamp.

Stillness was supreme and looking out into the night, again I questioned,

"Did a woman ever—would I know!—  
Watch the man

With whom began

Love's voyage——"

and then I answered,

"Thou art a man"—and knowest,

"For the lake its swan;

For the dell, its dove——"

\* \* \* \*

The next morning at so early an hour as to give me right to suppose I was the first astir, I went out onto the path of our coming the night before, but I was not the first. Leo bounded to meet me, and near by sitting on a rustic bench beneath the pines I saw my host.



His greeting sincere and hearty was in harmony with a nature that held no discords in its own nor created them in another, and so I readily shared with him his expressed belief that the episode of my visit was a bit of good fortune. Why it was so, or was to be so we both felt to be—

"A fact beyond the power of proving."—

A little loitering about brought us to the breakfast hour, after which, agreeable to my host's wish, we set off for a leisurely climb by way of a scarcely defined path that led us into the face of the fast rising sun. Here was the deliciously crisp air, the glorious mountains, the deep silences, the world above a world! Without over-much speech, in that one morning's walk acquaintanceship warmed into com-



panionship—or better, fellowship—best name of all! Does this often happen? No miracle is repeated in any life.

My thought had been that I would pitch my tent in some not distant neighborhood to San Fidele (the name of the Orcadi chalet,) and come and go as I had between the villa and Felice; but my host's thought was that I should come and go from San Fidele leaving my tent unfolded. It were not possible to have hesitated in my decision: nothing could have pleased me more: so that by the time of our return to the chalet we had more plans afoot than my portfolio numbered pictures.

Everywhere through these mountain ranges there were highways and byways to be explored, everywhere solitudes waiting to be discovered—work to be



done. To both, the kind of fellowship that held us was a novelty, to neither a hindrance. The silences remained as deep, the solitudes as sublime, but movement caught fresh inspiration; took on the ways of the spring torrents that though they kept within the confines of their mountain highways went with the joy of increased energy, with a spontaneity born of the sur-charge. Soon we adopted the happy routine of leaving San Fidele arm in arm and pretty surely so returned together—but there were hours of straying off at will and when we met we never questioned,

"Where have you been a-field to-day?

"What violets, roses gathered there?

"What trees have planted, tall and fair?

"What song-birds heard in upper air?

Day by day these delightful excursions through the solitudes of



the Engadine mountains went uninterruptedly on, and to whatever other objective point our day's walk led us there was one we never failed to arrive at. It was by way of a narrow larch-bordered path, that turning to the west from the more open one ran at a slight incline into the deeper forest and there terminated at a plateau on which stood a small and wondrously beautiful chapel-shrine. Masses of rock had at some long gone time shelved off from the mountain's side and piling themselves on a lower ledge had created a plateau whereon safely stood this chapel-shrine. During the summer months the door to this chapel stood open giving to sun and wind unrestricted access, and through all seasons the door was on the latch. Whether my surprise at first seeing so lovely a bit of architecture hid away in



the forest's depth arose purely because of the architectural merit of the chapel or because my imagination had been romancing with the life of Orcadi, I did not determine, but whatever the cause of my surprise the mystery here enshrined was one that held the only true right of mystery, the sacred.

Above the altar hung a rarely beautiful picture of the Virgin, before it a small sanctuary lamp burned, and this was near enough to the organ to throw its dim light upon the key-board. At the organ Orcadi was indeed maestro and every evening he played through the sunset hour, summoning "its keys to their work",—and "making the organ obey".

By and by all this ideality of our Engadine life came to be accepted by me as natural, and in truth it was, since



Orcadi's extraordinary character could not have made the most extraordinary phases of life other than ideally natural. Of strangeness there was from the first an absence. Delightful as phenomenal this, and made the real charm of our valued friendship. As I listened to *il maestro e amico mio* make the "organ obey" his commands, my eyes were always intently studying the beauty of the chapel's appointments. The marble walls were of a mellowed richness, the groined roof held the organ's sounds as softly as it did its own shadows, and the windows so pressed about by the forest's green, were no more than framework which the trees might enter. The altar was over-spread with a cover of antique lace, and the candlesticks and cross like the lamp were of silver. Looking at



these rich appointments my mind often pleased itself in wondering if, as at San Fidele, a woman's refined taste had joined with that of *il maestro* in producing these harmonious effects, and through the pleasant wondering imagination made pictures as vibrant with life as those made by the trees, gently swaying in and out of the chapel windows.

The twilight after the sunset hour was long, and through it we went leisurely back to Fidele there to carry to completion a manual on the Flora of the Engadine which Orcadi had for a long time been writing. To the end that this manual be properly completed our excursions had been a necessity, and as of the detail of indexing matter and chapters Orcadi was not fond, I took a lively interest as well as delight in



bringing the scattered notes into rank and file. One evening we seemed to be doing less work than usual, and finally abandoned it altogether, taking up in its place a portfolio of sketches that had some days before been forwarded to me. These sketches were done in Italy, in Sicily, and in southern France, those lands of imagination and inspiration the purest. We turned these sketches over, much as we had done those on the first night of my arrival. There seemed to me a shade of sadness or something better defined as pathos—shy and elusive—marked Orcadi's manner. Vivacity gave place to a calmness that settled like a melancholy about the eyes of the maestro and the slim nervous fingers buried themselves in the long hair of Leo's head to remain there in that sort of caress which a man gives to a dumb



animal when his spirit is under a sur-charge of feeling.

I continued to move the sketches about commenting on this or that scene that had charmed my brush in the doing, and on this or that incident inspiring interest in the doing; and with an unnecessary loitering about the garden-fields of France I kept away from my best loved of all—Felice! Why? I was glad Orcadi did not ask that question or possibly I had never heard how he thought one of my field sketches worthy a Fra Angelico paradise, worthy to be made part of a composition he then and there told me I must do for him. An altar piece this composition was to be,—an altar piece with a figure of St. Cecilia, the background a Fra Angelico garden. "Not" said Orcadi "is this altar picture to be created from



any traditional ideal you may have in your mind, but from an ideal I have for long had in mine. To transmit this ideal St. Cecilia from my mind to yours and watch you give to her fitting form and color will be a charm out-doing all others of our life here at Fidele!

The idea stirred my imagination, and though I interrupted my master with countless questions I listened with an absorbed attention to his masterful delineation of attitude, expression, draping, and all the detail of that poetic conception which he transmitted so clearly to my understanding that I saw with a vivid distinctness in my own mind the truly beautiful ideal in his.

It was late that night when Orcadi and Leo passed behind the arras. Had I been too long looking at the halo that crowned the St. Cecilia of his thoughts



that, for one moment, I saw such a circle of light float out and away through the open window?

I did not soon fall asleep. My mind rested agreeably on the wings of its own imagination yielding nothing to the claims of sleep. Before the sunrise I went out to walk about over the noiseless pavement of pine needles. They smothered any echo of footsteps that could easily enough have reached the over-hanging window. The sun was deepening the red glow in the sky and its unclouded rays turning the forest into a glory, when through an open latticed pane of the window I heard Orcadi's greeting and in its tone of natural gladness.

\* \* \* \*

From the time the out door air had made it possible we breakfasted under the pines, and on this morning as we sat



at the little table I did not try to suppress the eagerness I felt to set to work on the altar piece, nor did I try to hide my delight. Better still I felt that inspiration which an artist knows is vital to success. I drew it and continued to draw it from a master mind, I was to create from the picture held in that mind, and not only did this idea lend zest to the undertaking but the belief fixed itself in my mind that the measure of my success would be the measure of Orcadi's gratification; the which could I render complete, would give him the chance to breathe that one Amen! without whose passing over the lips, men die poor.

It was plain to me that the desire to have such an altar piece had long been an earnest wish of his heart, and now an opportunity the happiest in the world for me, had given into my hand



the task of making good to him this wish of preserving his ideal. His long time wish became mine, and though we were both clearly impatient to set up the canvas and begin, yet we wandered about through the limitless isles of our forest cathedral that entire day, feeling it a worshipful place in which to fit for the trial at the rendering of an ideal. With the setting of the sun our day of procrastination and preparation came to an end, and when we said good-night it was settled that the canvas should be set up on the morrow. That over-night determination was true to the tradition of over-night plans. In the morning we had only to settle on a suitable studio corner; the way of the work was plain.

I put the question of place, Orcadi answered it saying, "the bright, full light of a window in my little cabinet will be



the best; besides giving you the advantage of painting the picture in the light in which it is to hang", and turning toward his own apartments he raised the heavy arras and bade me enter. I do not know why I should have been surprised or why for one scarcely to be perceived moment, I hesitated to obey, but I could not have been more surprised had a priest of the Greek Church asked me to follow him into the innermost sanctuary. With this feeling in full possession of me I followed him into the windows recess, and though I was conscious of taking no note of the surroundings yet I had a well defined feeling of being in an atmosphere enhanced if not created by surroundings.

Orcadi busied himself in settling me to my work, giving no sign that my introduction to this little cabinet had cost him more than a necessary thought, but



I was fully conscious that it had. Fidele, like the villa in its paradise garden, held a wonder-charm for me, and nowhere did I feel it as in that window where was every quality of light, from the golden slant of the sun's rays in the full morning to the same rays light in the late afternoon reflected from the glistening tops of the far snow mountains.

While I arranged for work Orcadi brought a small table and placing it by my side laid upon it a portfolio. I was impatient to begin and did; sketching the outlines of the composition as I conceived it was to be. With the afternoon hour we went for our walk and once outside I felt the liveliest satisfaction that I was to do my work in an atmosphere and with surroundings that would help me to attainment. No long or uncertain striving would be necessary, and I was



glad that this first day held no more than the one preliminary step toward the painting of the St. Cecilia.

Nature was never more beneficent to the seeking spirit of a man than through the afternoon of that summer day, and turning often to Orcadi as we strolled along, I remarked how,

"—oft the man's soul springs into his  
face

As if he saw again and heard again"

It was past the sunset hour when we left the forest chapel, wherein as the last notes of the organ died away a silence fell, deep as that of the great mountains through which we took our way back to Fidele.

The next morning we acted from a tacit understanding and arm in arm, and Leo by our side, we dropped the heavy tapestry curtain behind us and immediately



sat down to our work. Il mio maestro placed his chair within easy reach of mine and entered with so much of charm of speech and smile upon our doing that I thought, true!

"Not even the tenderest heart, and  
next our own,

Knows half the reason why we  
smile or sigh."

We began our work by Orcadi taking from his portfolio a small sketch, a mere outline of the figure of a woman, complete, full of true feeling and a figure of extreme grace. Looking at this artist's sketch I exclaimed with unfeigned admiration, "Il maestro mio! and I am to compare my work with yours?" Orcadi laughingly replied, "Ah! you are maestro of all else besides the mere outline, with color I've no gift, and until now I've been content to leave to



imagination the happy work of filling the lines with tones to suit. There is freedom in this method and no danger of getting sun-rise with sun-set colors confused. This idea has so long held with me that until your sketches proselyted me I believed color to be a blemish in art; and to the support of this belief I brought that highest consummation of the ideal in art, the statue." "Nothing truer" I answered, "and yet I love color far too well not to be willing to dare it".

The brightest of days followed and the sunshine of the next two months mixed its colors with those that overspread the canvas and filled the lovely outlines with a glow as of life. At the end of those two months our St. Cecilia was finished, and when I compared the outcome of the maestro's ideal with that of various artists who had essayed



the same pleasing subject I was satisfied. Il maestro had with an art all his own clearly reflected the image that held his mind into mine, I had seen and felt it as I would have done a real model. Aye, those were rare days to my exultant imagination!

Directly the work was done we carried it to the chapel-shrine and placed it above the organ's key-board, there to represent the patron saint to whom the chapel had been dedicated.

Was it fancy or no that made Orcadi's playing thereafter sound as from a hand doubly inspired? Certain it is that ever after the portrait was there placed, our visits to the shrine took on a freshened pleasure which we both acknowledged and neither of us were at a loss to understand. It is not falsehood that makes a man play round about a



happy truth and leave it unnamed.

On went the weeks gladsomely, the early Autumn began its approach giving to the mountains added beauty. Through this we had made an unusually long walk on a day half sunshine half cloud, and coming where two ways met Orcadi took the way toward San Fidele while I keeping Leo with me went with my gun an hour's climb farther. As the day drew to its close the clouds gathered in heaviness about and the wind blew fitfully. I hurried on toward the chapel and nearing heard Orcadi playing as was his custom at this hour of the day, but whether it was the state of the atmosphere that gave to the organ's notes a depth of sound I had never heard before or whether Il maestro was playing under an inspiration born of the coming storm, I knew only I had never



heard the organ give him such response. Often in his playing I had heard as it were a song, a pastoral in its sweet freshness; had almost seen the vines and flowers of his lovely garden by the sea climb and blossom at the feet of his St. Cecilia and shed their perfume around her; had heard these sweet pastorals gather force as though they sought to equal the deep music of the Engadine forests, but I had not heard such wildly ecstatic volume of sound ever before come from this rock-set organ. Beginning with the tenderest of minor notes and sweet semitones it gathered and augmented sound on sound, harmonized, lifted them together until they mounted up beyond their own limitations to burst in one sublime oratory above and beyond the chapel's confines. Thought and feeling were no longer among the minor chords



or the scarce audible monotones of dull, worn sounds, but were gathered and sublimed into the highest harmonies of which they are capable.

And Orcadi—il caro maestro mio!—what of him whose soul was master of his hands? He, whose soul was invoking all that the spirit of music, all that the spirit of the storm had to give? Plainly the elements were let loose in the far upper fastnesses of the mountains as well as in the upper air. The thunder now rolled with no uncertain or intermittent sound and wild waves of rain swept the trees into billows. The mountain torrents lost the notes of the pastoral song they were wont to give and went raging by in masses of broken foam: the sun waited in vain behind the dense and angry clouds that each moment dropped lower shutting off the last of



the day's light. Was Nature herself stricken, anguished, that all at once she sent forth a cry as of wounded to death? Together with, and through the wailing and roaring of the wind, the rattling of the rain, the tumultuous rush of the waters and the deep deadening peals of thunder, there flashed sharp and incisive a death-dealing shaft of fire. I sprang to my feet. Did I still hear the organ's notes reverberating with the other anguished sounds? Slowly all sound receded, its echos grew fainter and a strange silence settled, a silence such as might rest if the sea refused to flow again upon the shore from whence it had ebbed.

There are hours of which we know not the minutes, but at their end there comes a sharp consciousness. This consciousness was upon me and I questioned not its message. The starless



sky left a heavy darkness above the forest's gloom so that when I entered the chapel the candles seemed to be burning with unusual brilliancy, such brilliancy that for a moment I thought Orcadi had lighted all the candles on the altar as well as those on either side of the organ. For one moment I stopped. Was it to listen? Full well I knew the portent of that silence and yet I listened.

Orcadi sat at the organ, his hands resting on the keys, his head bent forward and resting against the lower edge of the St. Cecilia. Was ever silence so silent? The little red light in the sanctuary lamp burned steadily, as steadily as it would burn on—forever. What is forever? Certainly it is never an unlit time.

No refuge of thought remained to me,—and my heart made the only



audible sound in that silent silence. I went to my friend's side, stooped and lifted his bent form until his head rested against my breast. The light in the eyes was quenched, the heart was still.

"The shadows fell from roof to arch  
Dim was the incensed air,  
One lamp alone with trembling ray,  
Told of the presence there."

\* \* \* \*

Five days after that one on which il maestro had evoked from the chapel-organ all the tender and all the tragic sounds that music guards, a mass was said.

\* \* \* \*

The organ was silent again, and the little sanctuary lamp kept watch for two. Side by side beneath the altar, lay the "great prince", "the kind padre",



il mio caro amico et maestro  
and his St. Cecilia.

\* \* \* \*

The pleasure of my life at San Fidele, which from first to last was the ideal thing we call a dream, lost its joyousness. How other? That wondrous spirit, the very incarnation of Spring had gone out from the life that was no life without him. But my friend and master had not left me free to go from Fidele. He had laid the hand of a pleasant if pathetic duty upon me, the fulfilling of which kept unbroken much the same kind of communion we had enjoyed together. I was under a command, or what in so close a friendship is its equivalent—a wish—the carrying forward of which was of far too much interest to me to allow of the despoiling effects of a selfish sorrow. My command was as



explicit as engaging. Various charities in the Engadine country and round about Felice were to be carried forward, but nearest to my heart was the work that lay here at Fidele.

The chalet was to be converted into a church. A church here in these silent mountains where the peasant folk had been content to kneel on the wet stones of the wayside shrine or bring their offering of field flowers up to the maestro's chapel. And now these simple folk were to receive a gift, a personal gift to each it would be, they were to worship without burden of tax of any sort within a church.

At once I knew the end the chalet was to serve, I easily recognized how its general plan and dimensions lent themselves to the transformation, and I doubted not this intent had entered into



the original building plans. The four broad steps that separated the large room from those of Orcadi would mark the auditorium proper and lead to the chancel. The altar would be within the beautiful window, the construction of which for this purpose was perfect. The soft amber colored glass diffused a rich and mellow light throughout the hours of the mid-day and gave a seeming length as well as added brightness to those of the morning and evening. No other color medium could have so well harmonized all of the sun's moods, making the light whether glowing or somber alike golden.

The organ was to fill the place occupied by the old carved seat that stood between the two windows of the large room,—their light falling with many a glint of sunlight across the table and its bowl of Alpine roses.



Before any part of this transformation should be entered upon there was to be built for Tomasso and Marta a chalet midway between San Fidele and the chapel-shrine. Tomasso would be sacristan of the church in which Marta was charged with the care of the sanctuary lamp and the altar. The detail which interested me most in this transformation of the chalet into the church was, the disposition to be made of the old carved seat and of a rarer chest whose home was in the little cabinet where we had painted the St. Cecilia. For richness and smoothness of carving it rivaled that of the crucifix that stood upon it. Every part of this rarely beautiful chest was to be employed about the organ. The panels, representative of the life of the sweet Saint of Music, were to be set in the face of the organ,



round about the key-board the worshipful faces of adoring saints, together with the exquisite garlands of flowers that made a frieze-like finish to the top of the chest.

When I had seen Orcadi open this chest I noted it was with a careful consideration that he took from it a fine sable robe which, when the weather was cold, he laid across his knees, and it was the remembrance of this that decided me to lay this same robe reverently over him when we carried him from the little cabinet down to the deep rock tomb beneath the altar.

Apparently the chest was without other contents and Orcadi made record of none. When the time came for preparing the chest for its new service I set about taking it apart myself and in the doing there was the happy incentive of a very loyal sentiment.



Orcadi had left an impress of reverent love on all about, not only upon the lives of men and women but upon objects that shared association with lives dear to him. An old rosary that had lain in the pulsing palm of some anxious mother, a crucifix that had been kissed by the trembling lips of a penitent were not lifeless things, but things vibrant with a life more real than that of the human who walks unawakened on his way. Feeling the life pulses that had made sacred the objects about him, Orcadi had guarded and handled them with a considerate as well as reverent love, and so had given to them so much of his own personality that they could not be to me objects of indifference. Therefore when this chest that had long occupied a specially favored place in his little cabinet as



well as had been the keeper of an article which he had never touched without a visible tenderness, it was not possible to allow it to pass into irreverent hands. Furthermore I deferred the day as long as might be. Its transformed life would be long, I had known its present life here with my friend, to change it would be like losing sight of a dear familiar face which in whatever form it would appear again would yet be another, not the dear old familiar!

When I did decide upon the day for the chest's removal from its home in the cabinet room I took Leo with me, a silent witness but one on whose sympathy I could count. The old chest returned our salutation through the smiles of the sunlight that fell with a glory of brightness upon it, and its response to my hand's touch was instinct with life. The



day was drawing to a close, it was the hour of the organ playing, already a twelve month gone,—that hour in which so much silence had followed passion, so much silence joy. I raised the year-shut-lid of the chest and though I hesitated as on that fateful evening in the chapel-shrine yet I was driven by a feeling stern as a command to go forward. There are times, when a man's will is not supreme, times in which he feels it takes no glory, no exultation in conquest. The thing to be conquered yields without warfare, submits without rebellion, and in this kind of conquest the will yields up its part to the behest of the spirit.

The air was filled with the even-song of birds and insects, and the wind kept the leaves in gentle murmur. As in the Villa's garden,—the day on which



Leo and I had said our good-by,—so now on this evening in the Engadine forest, was

"All nature self-abandoned, every tree

Flung as it will, pursuing its own thoughts—

No pride, no shame, no victory." I leaned over and looked into the empty chest, repeating,

"No pride, no shame, no victory."

Leo rubbed caressingly against me and I said, "Witness Leo, no pride of conquest, no curiosity to create shame, no exultant victory".

Knowing Orcadi as I did I felt sure he would leave nothing of so delicate a personal nature as letters for any other than himself to dispose of, and this belief proved to my delight to be true, but there was manuscript of which I was



forced to conclude he knew nothing, and which if not intended for him had surely been by him inspired. The oftener I turned the pages of the manuscript the more fully was revealed to me how the spirit of the writer had responded to the spirit of her maestro—and mine—always mine! Here was a bond. What should I? By a chain of circumstance the bond between these two lives and mine had become close—so close that I had come into an inheritance. Leo bore witness how in its acceptance and in its disposition there was "No pride, no shame, no victory".

\* \* \* \*

The four corners of the chest were held together by springs that easily relaxed their hold, and just beneath the lock so close as indeed to be part of it was a small bolt, which when pushed



back set free a slide in the panel and revealed the chest's sanctuary. Here it was that the manuscript, leaf on leaf lying between embossed leather covers, had been—by whose hand?—left. I did not need to unclasp its fastenings or to look at the contents to realize that somewhere there had indeed been a St. Cecilia in Orcadi's life.

What is it that marks unmistakably the difference between the belongings of men and women?—or even more between those of women and women? However they be filleted with ribbons, clasped with gold or laid in lavender for a day or a year there is a touch that leaves a not-to-be-mistaken aroma, the value of which is its index to character.

Holding this volume in my hands there exhaled the perfume of the pines and of the sea. Near by the pine



needles carpeted the ground beneath  
San Fidele's windows, farther away that  
"deep blue sea" was still washing to a  
like smoothness the marble of the  
Villa's steps and the shores of the  
near-by Hesperia.

\* \* \* \*

The manuscript with its sanctified  
marks and perfumes answered the question  
"did a woman ever— — —"  
and left

"—my heart to guess"  
how "— — — she sang perhaps;  
So, the old wall throbbed, and its  
life's excess  
Died out and away in the leafy  
wraps.

Wall upon wall are between us; life  
And song should away from heart  
to heart!"



# THE MANUSCRIPT







## HESPERIA



FILLED with ever recurring happy coincidences life grows clearer, dearer, nearer to me. Days there were, and not so long ago, that glowed with a brightness all their own; they were the last of one season the first of another. What seasons? Now the year itself is closing and a new one opening, and with a pleasant augury the contiguous days are repeating the joys of those seasons. If the journey of the



years really goes hand in hand with certain—or every season of them—they must keep coming in contact with the joys that made the brightness the clearer, dearer, nearer-of-life.

It is no foolish imagination to think of Time as silver-footed, neither an exaggeration to feel that she moves harmonious among these seasons and that she counts not by days or years. This is the choicest of earth's blessings and is immortal as well. In it is youth's freshness and luxuriance, candor and truth. There is no lie in it about death but a lifting up to life, to efficiency and content.

Because of this, caro maestro, you hear me tell you of life—my life and your life!—its happiness and grief alike in joyous utterances. If I did not write thus you might know you were not in



my thoughts' communion, and that I had forgotten you are a hearer of the silver-footed. But no, I remember! and besides, here about me, are the inexpressibly dear evidences of your hands' ministrations. Trifling? There is nothing trifling in love, from the hand's simplest service to duty's endless obligation.

If I would give a name to rival that of Time's—a companion to the silver-footed, it would be the swift-footed, and being equally true in its significant Greek-beauty to the silver-footed, I appropriate it and make it over to you, yours to be: and too, to be proof that I go about intent on pilfering every good thing for you. Mercury, the God of Theseus, will have plenty to do in patronizing my hero role.

When we set out for our cruise in



Italy's waters you inscribed on my  
pennon at the fore

IO VI AINTERO.

and there it is no whit out-lustered by  
any newer-made inscription on any mast-  
head pennant that here goes gallantly  
by. The poor prisoner who, when  
released after solitary confinement, asked  
to return to his dungeon because no one  
knew him, furnishes pathetic proof of  
how little value life without recognition.  
The casting of that pennant to the  
breeze assured my mind and quieted its  
apprehensions.

You recognized the wingless mind  
that weighed me down, and going  
before taught me not to feel responsible  
for results but only for conscientious  
efforts toward results. It is on this  
principle that we hope for a complete  
state of bliss, a heaven: in the meantime



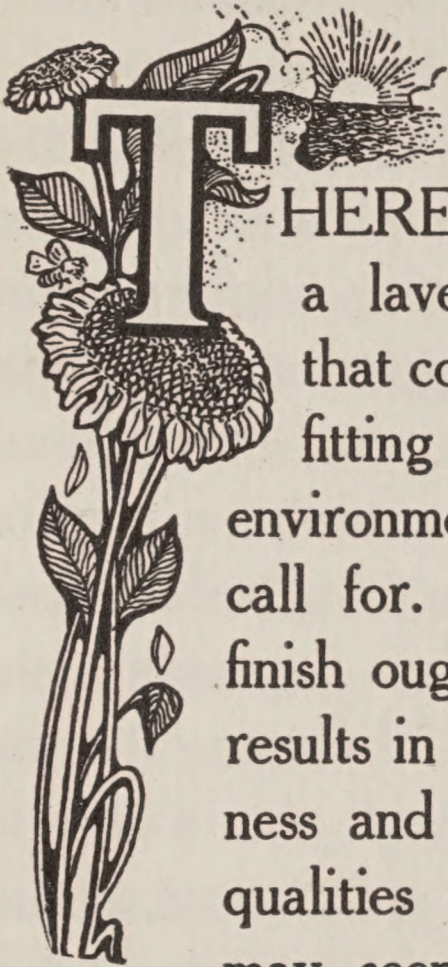
doing our best towards attaining. There is always that we seek for beyond our reach, that we look for beyond our ken. If this were not so hope would have no place in our efforts nor would our efforts be of the noblest. The will has no power to insure actual success, but only over the means toward success, else we would not see plans and schemes, with every apparent element of success attending them, fail. You, mio maestro, taught me this: taught me to press and urge my will against these to the end that I might hold the results in my hand. And yet, with reason, I believe this had not been, had you not surrounded me by a thousand fortuitous conditions, involved the means with your own achievements and at the very start inspired my every effort with the promise

IO VI AINTERO!









HERE is a rose-leaf-touch, a lavender-like fragrance that comes from doing with fitting propriety that which environment and circumstance call for. Completeness and finish ought not to be unique results in effort, neither freshness and refinement universal qualities only, however they may seem to be away and beyond the common effort. But this, I suppose, is a matter of taste in doing, not a fundamental principle any more than is mood—or moods, under whose



impulse so much is done, so much not done. Nature ought to be the law-giver about moods, legitimist that she is.

Life! Life! is the sublime motif of her moods, to which, however she may wander away into the season's countless variations she never fails to come back with unerring fidelity; never fails to advance in regular crescendo out from one season into another; up from destruction into construction; no caprice in down pulling, none in upbuilding; all variation under the law legitimate, and she the law giver. Listening to the rhythm that comes with the waves in shore to spread with a rapturous sort of vibration, I feel glad that nature at this season gives nothing more than this expression of herself, keeping her deeper thoughts to herself. Were it otherwise, did she turn over to any those secrets



deeper than the sea's, discover the treasures of her hidden mines, to what untimely death would go search and research, and where would be the happy hunting grounds of imagination? Effort would be dethroned by knowledge, a man's reach not exceeding his grasp, imagination and inspiration would fall unwinged to earth.

"The wind with its wants, and its  
infinite wail"

would be hushed, the delight of the unsatisfied song lost in the monotony of satisfaction.

With the wind satisfied, no want more, from whence would come that breath which fans to life the seedling in its close rock crevice?—and from whence would arise that triumphant acclaim when obedience to law makes "low nature better by its throes"?



In a time we call old, the women of Greece sung songs at sunrise to Apollo, aspiring to be gratified and satisfied. They took of the grain and the flowers and the fruit and laid them on the altars and the larks carried these women's songs of praise and prayer far up toward the blue empyrean gates. When they came again what answer brought they to the expectant women? Did they as they alighted on the altar's edge, lay mid the fruit and flowers and grain the answers to the prayers for gratifications and satisfactions? A return for the offerings made?

Over the heads of those expectant women shone the blue of their beautiful sky, and beyond it they saw a light as from luminous gold. "There! There!" they cried, "is the land of our desire, let it come to us here, let it come to us here!"

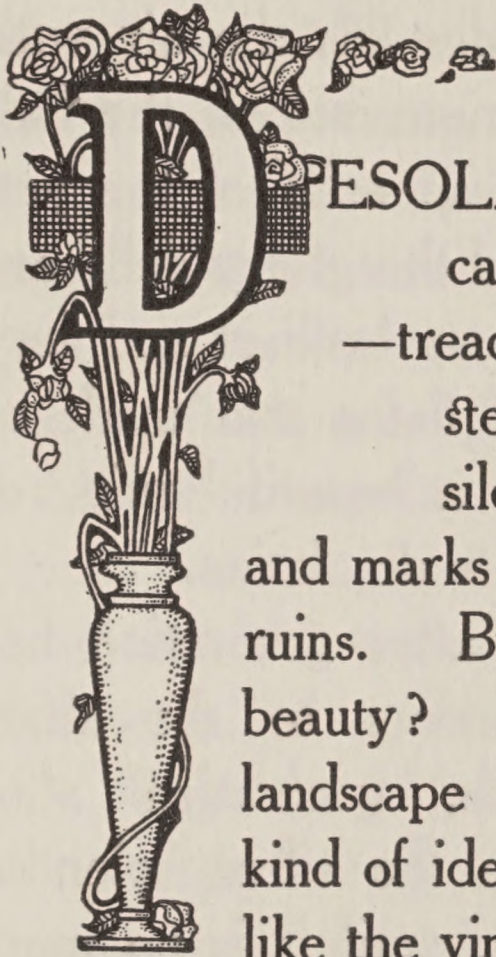


This dream has not ended with the singing at sunrise neither the prayers sent up at the altar's side by these Grecian women, but have not their less classic sisters learned that the land-of-desire, the land of the golden light comes not visibly down?









DESOLATION is a delicate thing;

—treads with silent footsteps, and fans with silent wing—"

and marks its way with silent ruins. But, what of its beauty? Is it not in any landscape a creator of that kind of ideality which clings like the vines close and fine, giving a needed touch to what otherwise would be without the finished?

From the groves of Daphne in their glory we might turn away, but Daphne's



groves silent, holding in their deep shade the ruins of "the mighty fallen—" are a lure and a delight. The wind moves the leaves with the "silent wing", the water of the cascades fills the air with sound as of mysterious voices, the half hidden crags send an echo of the yet-lingering music, and the grassy dells are strewn with blossoms brilliant and fiery as those tongues of flame that made of her temple's glory a beautiful ruin, of her groves a delicate desolation.

If generation after generation has added fresh splendors to the altars of Daphne's gods, generation after generation adds to the silent splendor of their desolation, until it is no more a desolation but a thing of beauty and ideality. If once

"It seemed each fruit that blushed,  
each bud that blew,



All spoke of ladie's hope, of ladie's  
love—"

so, now it seems, neither is the hope,  
the love changed, unless they are  
sweeter and deeper grown, more silent  
and delicate because they too have felt  
that touch of unhindered nature that  
makes of desolation a "delicate thing".

But it was not in the search of  
Daphne's ruined groves neither of  
desolation in any form with or without  
a history that I possessed myself of this  
island to which I have given the name  
"Hesperia."

Why I should have apparently gone  
so far afield for a name for an island  
that is not over far removed from  
the main land is neither curious nor  
mysterious, neither does it suggest a  
leaning to paganism or a special  
predilection for mythological obscurity.



For a long time I called it "The Island" — a name wholly satisfactory to me, but when the question began to be repeated "What island?" and I discovered that others claimed to have priority of right to that "The" I decided to name my island and call it by its name.

Why Hesperia? The Hesperides are not, nor never were here, neither Ladon to assist in guarding the apples on the bough; but when I was casting about for a name I chanced to look up into the early morning sky and seeing the star of "the Green Knight" still guarding the passages that lead to "Castles Perilous", I accepted the good omen and named my island, Hesperia.

That it is not specifically charted is because I regard it neither a danger to be avoided nor a treasure to be searched for by the general navigator.



For dimensions, it has an agreeable largeness and is without sharp boundaries or precise limitations. For features it has hills verging on to the mountains' claims, valleys picturesque and sociable, a lake so small it is only big brother to the pond, and one craggy peak commanding all these, on which a ruin—a beautiful desolation—from whence a

"Lonely tower, from its thin fringe  
of wood,

Gives to the parting of the wintry  
moon

One hasty glance, in mocking of  
the night,

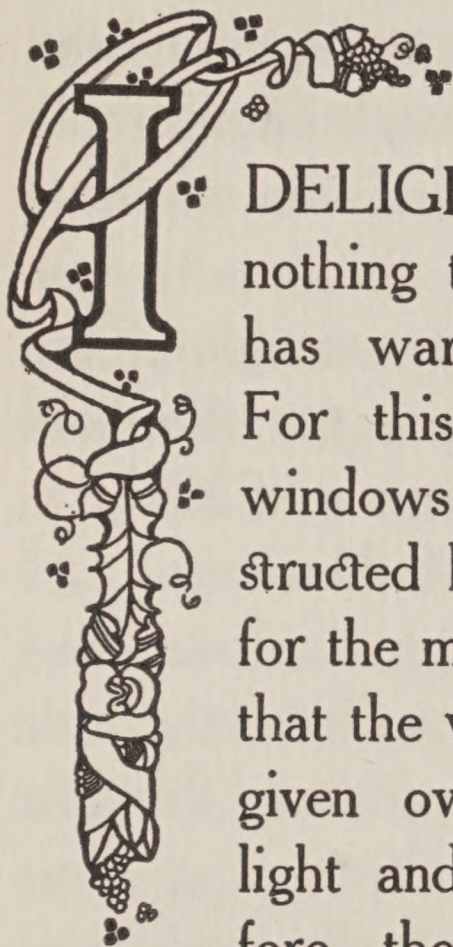
Closing in darkness round it."

These are the chief features of Hesperia and they come about me with that familiar closeness which makes of nature more than a mere background. From the first there was no strangeness



here but a sense that I had come into some aforetime heritage and my thought was, the sun of Greece is light, the sun of Africa is fire but that of Italy is the transfusion of the two, giving that delicious opalescence in which all dreariness is changed to brightness, all verdure reaches out illimitably, all deserts are made luminous. In this light, strength and energy renew themselves and if there be a fierce child-of-Hagar within us it grows gentle.





DELIGHT in beauty but find nothing truly beautiful until it has warmth and brightness. For this reason I make the windows in my house unobstructed highways for the sun, for the moon and for the stars, that the whole interior may be given over to these gods of light and brightness. Therefore there is no stretch of somber wall or ungainly loophole glazed with dark colored glass to make a travesty of light. Some of these windows are deep embrasured but all look with



frank open eyes out into their own particular domain and some of them are blessed with such far sight that they take splendid range and bring together long reaches of country side to which I have right and title for the very inconsiderable consideration of having put these windows where to command.

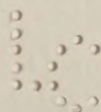
Encouraged by the example of the sun the vines stop not on the threshold of the windows but come confidently in with their families of blossoms, and these, in turn, warrant the bees and butterflies and even the smallest of the birds coming to share in my windows' delights.

These windows it is that have broken down the house-walls' established prerogative, that of separating the inside from the outside life. When I determined to make a federation of the life here, I took my windows into my confidence



and together we plotted and planned until we got the upper hand of the walls and finally coerced them into coming to our support only where and when required, and then to be so amiable in the matter that there would be no evidence of their coercion. Thus we arrived at the desired result of not having nature shut out but on the contrary invited to come in at her pleasure.

Then to carry our free-masonry to its ultima thule we put no glass in some of these highways and for reward we had before the summer was done a veritable flower carnival. What necromancy will the elimination of barriers not make possible! But how are flowers and vines and growing things to find their way if we shut our doors and windows against them and only walk and stalk about, towering five feet





or more above them in their garden beds?

Only open a window and ask them to come in, to climb up and look you full in the eyes and in no long time the love story will have spread so entirely through their domains that even the non-climbers will send seeds on the wind and lo, you will see the modest little forget-me-not winking with sweet blue eyes from some tiny crevice on the sill or stopping for a whole summer in a quiet corner of a topmost terrace step.

Once this delightful comaraderie is established between house and garden, life in both takes on the delights of freedom. Nature's heart quickly responds to her own law and her pulse quickens at the removal of obstructions. If my garden was to contribute to my windows' charms, one of my windows had a very complimentary contribution to make to



my garden. A statue of Hermes had given its name to this one especial window and I had believed that window would never surrender it to any, but one day the garden put in a not-to-be controverted claim to the Hermes. The Hermes was accorded no voice in the matter, it was a question between the garden, the window and myself, and the garden won me over in the matter. The argument was that the window's loss would be the statue's and the garden's gain. No argument better than that the greatest good to the greatest number should be granted, and so Hermes went from his old familiar lodging out into the sunshine, and the flowers bloomed at his feet, the vines climbed about him, the song birds sung their songs to him and to his window he was the center of a picture glowing with warmth and



brightness and incomparable beauty.

Ah, my Hesperia, what kinship  
have we not here where

I am come with my love to sing to you  
As of old, when the world was  
young,

When we tended our flocks upon the hills  
And danced a measure to Pan's  
sweet will

And drank at Love's spring to our fill.

I sung to you then of the wee small  
things

That builded and burrowed for  
love;

That love which set grasses and leaves  
to make tune

With Pan and his reeds at morn  
or at noon,

With the zephyrs at night, and the moon.



And I sung to you then of the wind on  
the plain

That was wayward or listless or  
still,

And you laughed when I sung you the  
reason why

It rushed in wild haste or stopped  
short to sigh

Nor believed that it ever would  
die!

And whatever the theme of the song  
I sung,

Whatever the tune I chose,

Our flocks lay down on the hills  
to sleep

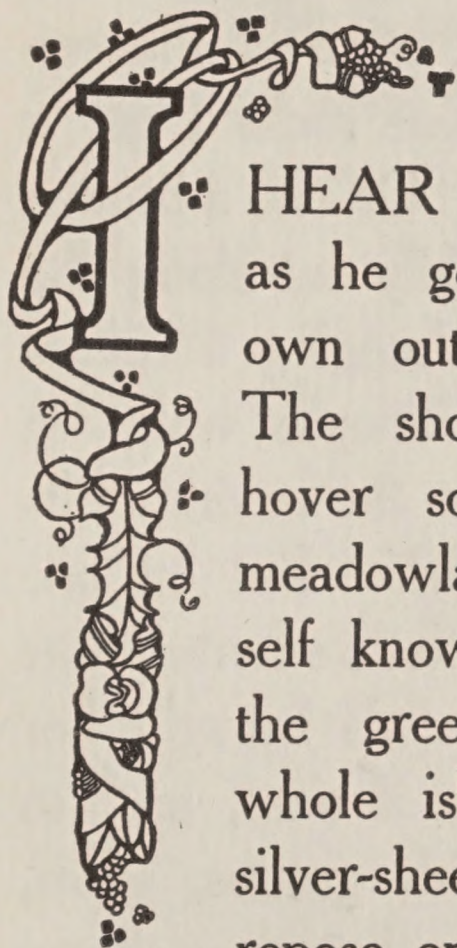
And Pan piped an air both gay  
and deep

And we danced our dance—as was  
meet.



And now again I am come to sing—  
As of old, when the world was  
young,  
And I'll sing you the song of the wee  
small things,  
Of the wind that baffles, the love  
that clings,  
And of Pan with his music that rings.





HEAR the flute-notes of Pan as he goes forth to lead his own out into the morning. The short stemmed flowers hover so closely over the meadowland that the sun himself knows not how tender is the green beneath, and the whole island slips from the silver-sheened beach to take repose on the hillside pastures or with unmolested freedom to seek noon-day shade among the valley's emerald tangles.



Sky and sea and next to them in steadfastness the rocks stand rampart-like above, below, around. It is a day's pastime to scale their rugged heights, to watch from their vantage ground the illimitable sky, to look off over the on-moving sea. From these rocks I get a view of other islands. On one a broken fortress wall stands boldly out along the frowning heights over-hanging a ruined city. On another a temple wall, on which in rhythmic lines the record of its fame is still to be read. But on one outdoing all the rest, Nature herself has built a fane to which she's brought her best through centuries of time, and so fashioned it forth with grottos, glens, mountain caves and shell strewn shores that it alone of all my neighbor islands is rival to Hesperia. Looking, it is not easy to see why fire and sword and



earthquake came that island's way. From desolated shrine and altar the minor cry goes forth and sad tones they are that rise to mingle with the once glad hallelujahs.

"Why," calls a voice, "are our altars laid thus desolate? Why these sacred places ruthlessly invaded? Why? Oh why? Is it that we must with tenderer care gather afresh for our altars, with deeper voice consecrate to loftier service? Aye, but the mountains have fallen and swept from these altars our loved gods. From whence the strength to uncover these, to lift up our beloveds, to restore them to their familiar places once again?"

It is in such questioning that the human learns his limitations: but learns too, how divine is the quality of his love.



"Love bids touch truth, endure truth,  
and embrace

Truth, though embracing truth,  
Love crush itself.

Worship not me but God! the angels  
urge:

That is love's grandeur."

Love's grandeur! A thing not to be symbolized by anything of earth unless it be the sea—the mysterious and resplendent sea. There it lies truly resplendent under the sky's deep sapphire, mysterious in its out-reach to that far line, where (as we surely believe) the mariner will find his appointed destiny. The mind and spirit are not separated in the long voyage out to the sea's far line and thus heaven and earth go hand in hand. Sea and sky meet, mind and spirit together pass the meeting line and thus earth and heaven



go hand in hand. Anticipation is eager, and if a heart knows itself capable of winning love from earth's fellows may it not believe it draws to it in full bestowal God's love? This is consummate destiny! To think these thoughts, to believe in the truth of them, is to hear the flute-notes of Pan, is to read the name

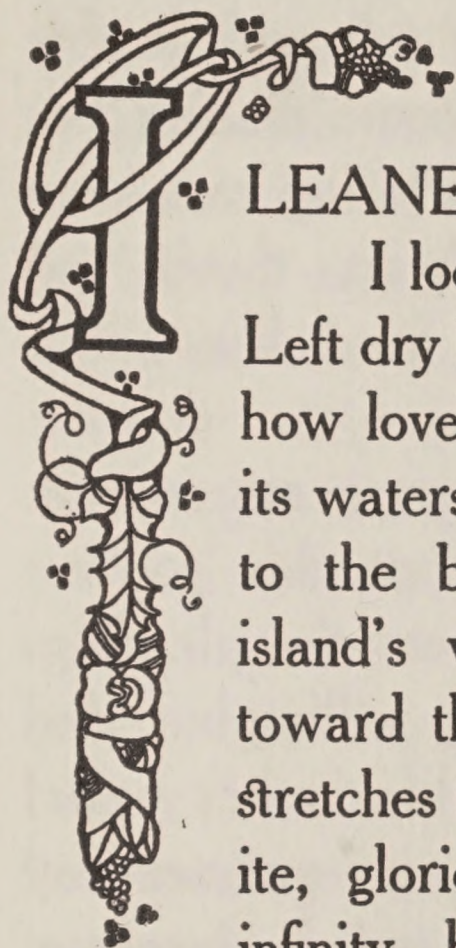
ERASMA

that inscribed is on every shrine and altar, temple, and fane, "Everything desirable"—"The one beloved"—a name Nature would not engrave upon her work if it was not a true name. "Erasma!" The sound of the name touches the chord of feeling and satisfies the mind. To let its sound vibrate through the human is to give fresh life to ideas, to deepen feeling, to send an appeal to the inner sanctuary and there to kindle the needed Promethean fire.



In the light and warmth of this fire the simplest scenes of nature hold a charm more forcible than art's best, and by contrast makes art a thing fabricated not created, and on whose brow we may not write "Erasma".





LEANED on the turf,  
I looked at a rock  
Left dry by the surf—" and saw  
how lovely is the sea wheeling  
its waters in long beauty curves  
to the bays and inlets of my  
island's wooded shores. Out  
toward the far horizon, there  
stretches that eternity,—indefin-  
ite, glorious in its unrevealed  
infinity, holding secure all the  
secrets God confides to it.

Out there that; near by a  
necromancy carried on by wind and  
trees. With the waving of the boughs



about it, there is revealed the keystone of an old Greek arch, and beneath it, wrapped round with vines, a marble figure of Flora. The wind and the boughs teach me how soft and flexible even marble may become making this Flora seem to turn a listening ear, seem to give a responsive heart throb and let fall the flowers from her hands into mine.

Aye, what necromancers are the wind and the trees that this goddess should, like Galatea, hear the pleadings of love and be not only willing but glad to feel the warmth of life in her veins! How else though on a mid-summer day like this when the sun is supreme, finishing on the bough as in the soil the miracle of creation? Bringing all promise to

"perfection, no more and no less



In the kind I imagined, full fronts me;  
and God is seen God  
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh,  
in the soul, in the clod."

The mystic movements of the wind  
make flexible and soft the old arch that  
canopies the Flora and the beauty with  
which her master endowed her spreads  
like a miracle round about her and falls  
together with the sunlight in golden  
circles upon the ground.

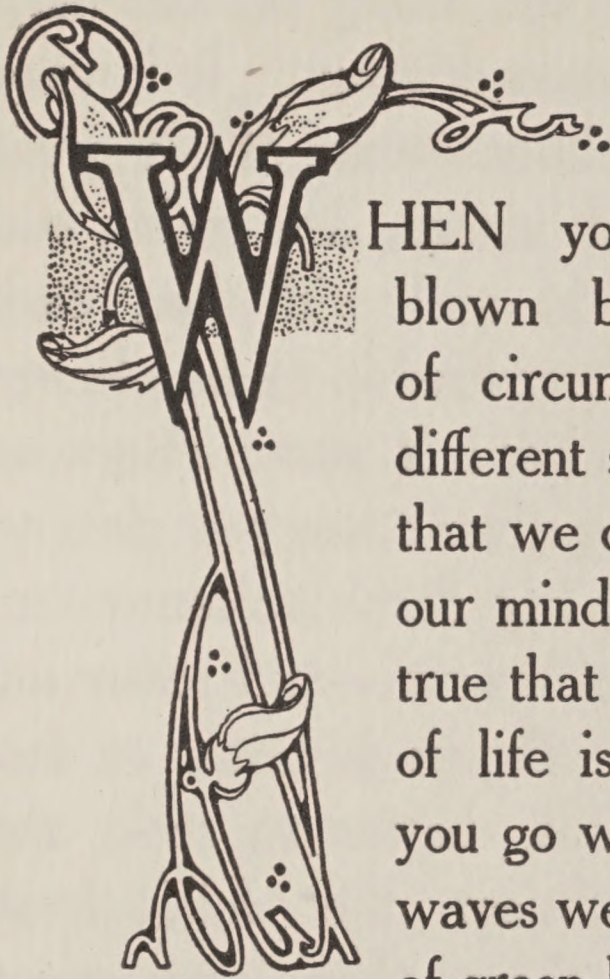
Oh Phidias and Pan what immor-  
tality is yours! You have filled the  
earth with Beauty and Harmony,—a  
beauty that blushes as she rises morning  
by morning fresh from her couch of  
immortal youth, a harmony that attunes  
itself night by night to the music of  
the spheres! The one of you has  
crystalized love and fixed it, the other  
transfused it through the air. Is there



a greater miracle than this? and all  
the secret is that each recognized  
himself

"A God though in the germ."





WHEN you and I are blown by the wind of circumstance under different skies, it is true that we do not change our minds, but it is also true that every feature of life is changed. If you go where the blue waves wear the features of green boughs, where the soft breezes those of cool winds you are under the influences of the North-land, its pines and beeches, the while I linger in the land of the olive, the sea



and its breezes. Influences! But, *caro maestro*, a oneness with nature lessens distance and separation. But how trite all this is; an old string o' the harp constantly thrummed upon. It is easy enough to feel how we are of the great brotherhood of nature, are under one common law in and with her; easy enough to feel our kinship to her leaves and flowers, to her soft murmuring seas and shimmering silver stars, yes, even to feel kinship to her fierce volcanos and her majestic golden sun;—and some say it is enough. Say it is better to feel kinship to these, better to seek and accept as sufficient the full, fresh influences of these than any other. Possibly. But, tell me, do even these greatest of nature's forces really come so near that they still "the passion and the pain," the "inarticulate cry" of the



heart? Does the near kinship with the leaves and the flowers, with seas and sun and stars satisfy this? There are ears that hear the whispers of the waves above their roar, hear the sigh of the winds above their wildest sweep, and do they not hear the pulsations, the silences of the heart above the noise of speech?

Knowing the answer, why philosophize? Surely it is a Spring wind that blows two souls together over the border-land of Birth and if in the early dawn they wander apart, theirs would have to be a longing something less than the soul's to be satisfied with the companionship of nature alone.

"The mystic highways, spirit-built,—  
Nerves of flesh for sovereign mind,  
Run to all kingdoms as thou wilt,  
Rome-like, royal, unconfined.



Art thou a Roman? Converse hold  
With all that is, or new or old,  
Thine the Empire. Thine the Throne.  
Fare thou forth! Assume thine  
own!"

Here, *buono maestro*, is a definition of life's meaning; a "royal unconfined" meaning of its truth, the power to direct the forces that lie within, the "nerves of flesh" within the sovereign mind", and that lie along the "spirit-built" highways leading out "to all kingdoms". The kingdom of Nature is only one of the kingdoms wherein mountains sometimes wear a purple instead of a green profile, where islands spring unheralded from a quiet sea, where cliff and rock and tortuous water-ways appear among the meadows to toss the daisies into white billows.



What a new and freshened sense of being this phenomena must bring to the life of Nature's world. Why fear we? What dead sea fruit would be washed along the shores did these really glorious transformations not come.

But to-day there is calm among the green life about, all is in the summer of beauty, and the sea was never bluer or washed the steps of the garden with greater gentleness and yet,—and yet—I hear! There is a "passion and the pain" of an "inarticulate cry" hereabouts.

It must have been from hereabouts that one wrote,

"The period of life is brief,

'Tis the red of the red rose leaf,

'Tis the gold of the sunset sky,

'Tis the flight of a bird on high"—

but hear how the song goes on,—breaks into the "twice told tale,"



"But you fill its space  
    With such an infinite grace  
That the red will tinge all time  
    And the gold through the ages shine  
And the bird fly swift and straight  
    To the portal of God's own gate."

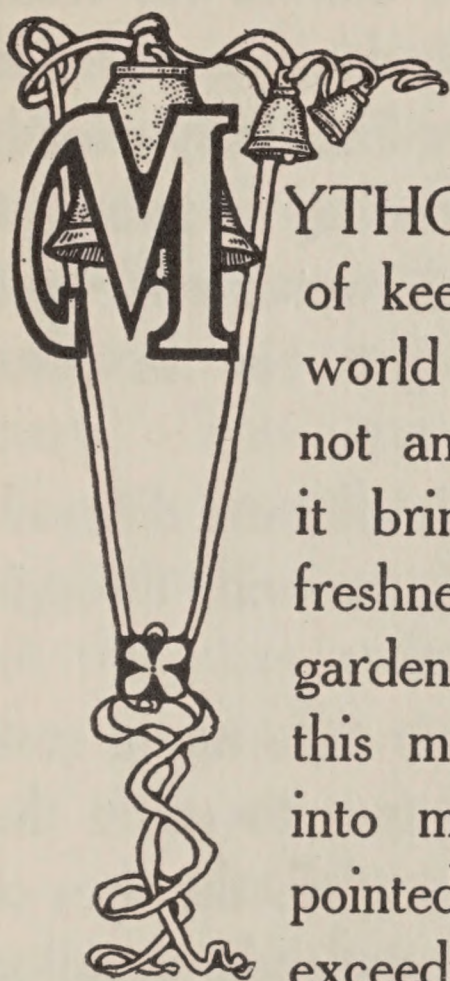












MYTHOLOGY has a way of keeping the life of the world young. Age it knows not and youth and beauty it brings with the dew's freshness on them to our gardens everyday. It is only this morning that it came into my little gallery and pointed out to me the exceeding beauty of a picture, that there hangs of Orpheus and Eurydice. The artist, too, has added a distinct charm to this picture in that he departs from the more familiar ideas of



this subject and therein his genius and my interest. He has evidently conceived a second and successful trial had been granted Orpheus and that so far from the disobedience of looking back he is looking straight and unflinchingly ahead, his courage strengthened by a feeling of security which is not however evidenced in the sense of sight but in that of touch,—

—"Through all parts diffused,  
That it might look at will through  
every pore."

The possession is thus made sure of, and the eye is left free to guide the perilous steps of both. Into the eyes of Orpheus the artist has clearly depicted a consciousness of danger, yet he faces it with steady, dauntless courage. That look is the centerpoint of the whole representation; its calm intensity is made



to give firmness to the foot, and a muscular tension to the arm that bears the lyre. The other arm tenderly bends to its burden. The whole frame betokens effort, except where lies the precious weight and there it is as if the contact relaxed all unneeded strain,—a very delicate conception, and the single evidence of tenderness on the bard's part. This, together with the total absence from the resolute face of every trait of evil triumph, lifts the picture out of the class ordinary and makes it as fine poetically as it is representative of true art.

In Eurydice there is in her whole mien an abandon of trust, made visible in the position of the arms which are in strong contrast to the energy apparent in Orpheus. Altogether passive, her feet alone relieving him of her weight,



she rests in something like half-consciousness in his embrace. Does this semi-conscious state come from the terror at the sights around, or from the weariness of the ascent? If the first, it would be more natural for the head to fall forward seeking shelter, as would a child, but the head being thrown back indicates that the artist chose to portray fatigue which position gives to the figure those classic lines necessary to the Greek dress with which her form is so simply, so mysteriously draped, and which though part of yet lends a separate charm. Then the quietness, the calm of it all is like to statuary, telling its story without the least exaggeration and giving me to feel the charm of friendship toward these two, to hold converse with them both. Maybe this comes because I feel the worth of the allegory for it has its



individual worth, quite apart from any artistic merit the artist has here conferred upon it. But the picture is instinct with life and is a superb interpretation of the answer Orpheus gave to that wild, pathetic cry of Eurydice from out the unterwelt. He heard that,

"Give them me, the mouth, the eyes,  
the brow!

Let them once more absorb me!

One look now

Will lap me round forever, not to pass  
Out of its light, though darkness  
lie beyond:

Hold me but safe again within the bond  
Of one immortal look! All woe  
that was,

Forgotten, and all terror that may be,  
Defied,—no past is mine, no future;  
look at me!

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Silently this artist painted his Orpheus and silently I consider how without canvas, brush or colors I may portray an Orpheus that will come as near to fulfilling the conception that I hold in my mind and as worthy that conception as is this Orpheus of Berschlag.

On an island against the shores of which the current of distractions runs less swift than against some, and where the light of the great "Green-star" falls with no indirectness, on such an island a true portrait ought to be painted. If then it be less than true it will prove that there are indeed originals of which no absolutely true copy can be made, that is, made in prose.

It is different when a poet poses his subject for he being a true artist there is no quality of mind or heart that is not by his tender and passionate



handling easily portrayed as well as every conquest in the world's arena: imagination, hope and faith throwing their triune light upon achievement and lastly bringing these under the felicitous bondage of the spirit and its own high supremacy.

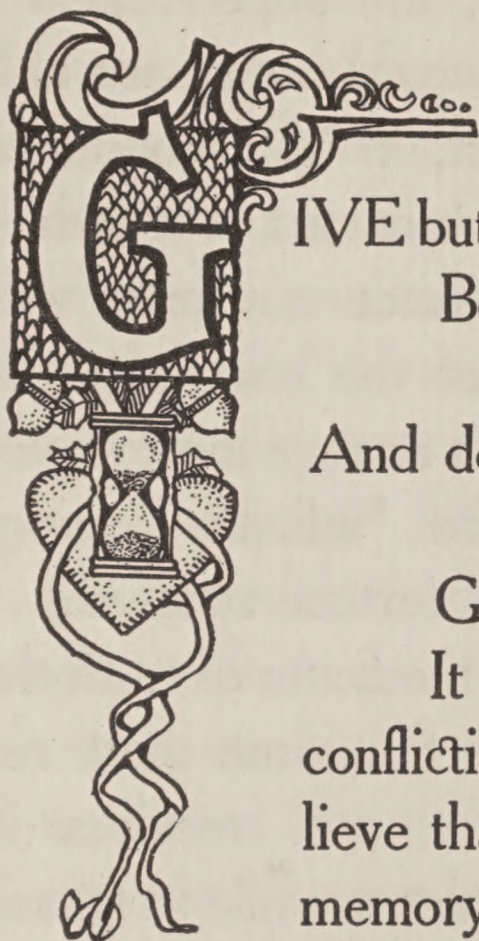
When the great Angelo saw these things in the heart of the stone he recognized what a goodly brotherhood they were to be made. To come forth singly, one by one, and take each his place in the human citadel of strength. With each quality in possession of its own, exercising with energy the full life of it, under-development nowhere, there would stand forth the "tenth man"—perfect, a man among men!—This Angelo knew, and knew if he was worthy the title maestro this man must emerge, must stand forth bearing upon the surface the qualities that



have their source deep in the heart. How differently would have fared with that stone had the intelligence and will of the maestro been badly trained, or had been enslaved to hand-tasks denying the mastery to the gifted spirit.

But a clear, keen intellect was a ruling power with Angelo and to it he gave large place of honor. A man thus endowed, may not realize his victories. He will go forth to sanguinary fields of battle and leave them with the same calmness with which a simple duty is discharged. The effect is manifest, but the source? From whence this poise that allows the mind to pass with surprising vigor and power back and forth between field and fold; no disappointment, no fatigue, but with an evenness that looks like mystery to the unpoised world? Some Angelo shall do this other Orpheus!





IVE but the scent of violets  
Beneath a dream-set  
sky,  
And down a little wind-  
ing way  
Go Memory and I."

It reconciles many a  
conflicting thought to be-  
lieve that it is because of  
memory,—dim it may be  
but true,—that the entire term of the  
soul's existence here is required to  
reconcile it to its changed conditions. If  
these conditions should to memory be  
harmonious it is easy to understand how



there is less disturbance in the realm of the soul and consequently a greater degree of the thing we call contentment, and this being so, the hoped-for in a previous existence would be measurably fulfilled here. But, if the conditions should be less harmonious, the whole environment at variance not only with the remembrances of the soul but with its every quality, is it strange there should be so much of the "infinite longing" which no superficial fortune satisfies?

On whatever modicum of truth this belief may rest, on the same must rest the belief that the soul receives its rewards, its punishments while in transit, which in the "great day" will insure its entering-in to its final inheritance of perfection not as a culprit begging for mercy but as an heir worthy, and bearing the full likeness of the God head!



If this seems a daring belief, turn away from the disturbance of hopes unfilled to the calm of—shall we say—the soul's memories? Their truth seems to grow clearer in communion with the thought, until there seems to be revealed a cause for much of our earthy unrest. At first the human mind must be infidel to such belief because it is trained to believe that happiness is a state consigned to an uncertain future; somewhere in the soul's life to be found, some far where. Faith sometimes grows weary of its long flight and falls unwinged. But what if the mind finds in memory familiar lands on which the past and the future meet and give a present free from illusions? secure in the knowledge that,  
"Ages past the soul existed,

Here an age 'tis resting merely,  
And hence, fleets again for ages;



While the true end, sole and single,  
It stops here for is, this love-way,  
Else it loses what it lived for,  
And eternally must lose it;  
Better ends may be in prospect,  
Deeper blisses if you choose it,  
But this life's end and this love-bliss  
Have been lost here—"

On a night like this thoughts run out with the tides of the sea and come again to roll back and forth upon their old familiar beach. The wind is ever trying to drive back threatening clouds, to set free the flame-colored sky or to show that beyond there is an infinite blue where all thoughts become argenta-bianco, overspreading life with a divine harmony. There is also an endless sweep of celestial ocean, blue, star filled, serene. Everywhere life is



united to life, a marvelous entity that awakens by its own forceful harmony the love as well as the power of thought. The sights vouched safe to the external eye quicken the internal vision until the universe that is brought into the inner world is incomparably more beautiful than the azure deeps of this celestial ocean, full-swimming as it is with starry constellations.

Near and far I look into the boundless reaches of nature and everywhere see and feel the closeness of the fraternity existing among her forces, the spirit is indwelling, its power diffused. And where, I ask, is man? Is he isolated? The only force left by nature to work out his own salvation alone? Nature may not be demonstrative, may not answer her children's questions when and as they would have her, but she is



nevertheless their good and sagacious mother making good her laws to them, as to other forms of less conscious life. Therefore it is that there is on a night like this, with a truth revealed like this, no fear or far,—distance is annihilated and the stars become sisters. The spirit and the brain have coalesced until through the illumined mind all the starry hosts of heaven pass in near review. No longer is there strangeness, from henceforth we are children of one mother living in our glorious world under no bonds but those of hers.

Hesperus surely never looked more surpassingly beautiful than to-night. Is it because the eye's vision, the ear's hearing, the mind's comprehension have been quickened, roused from dullness by the revelation of a truth? Do intuition and inspiration come, the one from the



deeps of a consciousness that holds its knowledge from God, the other from a sunlight, that pervades every part of the universe? And is there between these consummated that divine union that gives the eye to see what the eye hath not seen before, the ear to hear what the ear hath not heard before, and to make enter into the heart of man what has never entered before? If so the realm is gained in which man sees and hears "the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

The night goes radiantly on and with no clouds intervening what an expanse of sky, star-set, limitless, reaches from glory to glory until there is needed neither the light of the sun neither of the stars for "the Lord God Almighty is the light thereof!" "The Spirit saith Come" and there is but to follow



while "Still the eloquent air breathes".

To go into the light of the "green star" has become an easy and dearly familiar way of entering into those realms of imagination which are also the realms of the ideal and in which, through the medium of contemplation, it is also easy to realize that "the Lord God Almighty is", indeed, "the light thereof."

On a night like this the astronomers' knowledge pales, fades away. Science recognizes the phenomena it yet has not sufficient insight into the things of the spirit to see. The pathways it has marked out through Starland need not stop at the confines of mechanical and mental insight.

All the work of all the yesterdays has led to a realism which was as much an idealism of the yesterdays as any idealism of to-day will be the realism of to-morrow.



The intuitive yearning of every healthful soul to give expression to the things of the spirit has come near to the surface of life and has become so restive under the restrictions of Science as to make it apparent that a wholly material interpretation of natural phenomena is inadequate. What then? Is it dreaming an idealistic dream to believe that the minds of searchers are to be quickened, that the great light is to fall in which will be revealed a fullness of knowledge, the ideal thing we now search for, and find it in the realms of an intelligent imagination and contemplation?

The Star-Land-way is near by to him who breaking the bonds of an unreasonable reason takes his way through the infinite into infinitudes. The beauties of the way are great, the lifting up supreme. The earthly tents



lose none of their beauty neither the glades in which they are sequestered; the sea washes the shore with the same caress and into the deepest forests the wind goes with his message "yea and amen forever."

In no part of this flight into the infinite do we lose sight of our material world. We see it's temples,—see how, these temples of our body builded by God, are fit temples for the Spirit.

Through an atmosphere radiant and glorious the stars lead us on to a day magnificent with possibilities; a day of spiritualized materialism through which we no longer grope about in the dim light of partial knowledge, unsatisfied, homesick, heartsick.

Yes sweetheart, the journey is centuries  
long,



But we shall come back come back:  
And when we are come we will sing  
    earth's song  
Which, singing together will not  
    seem long,  
And its music no sweetness will lack.

For sweetheart, the song will be of the  
    climb,—

When we have come back come  
    back:—

Where the roughest it was and where  
    it was fine

Where the gray olive shaded or  
    rich purpling vine,  
Or avalanche swept way life's track.

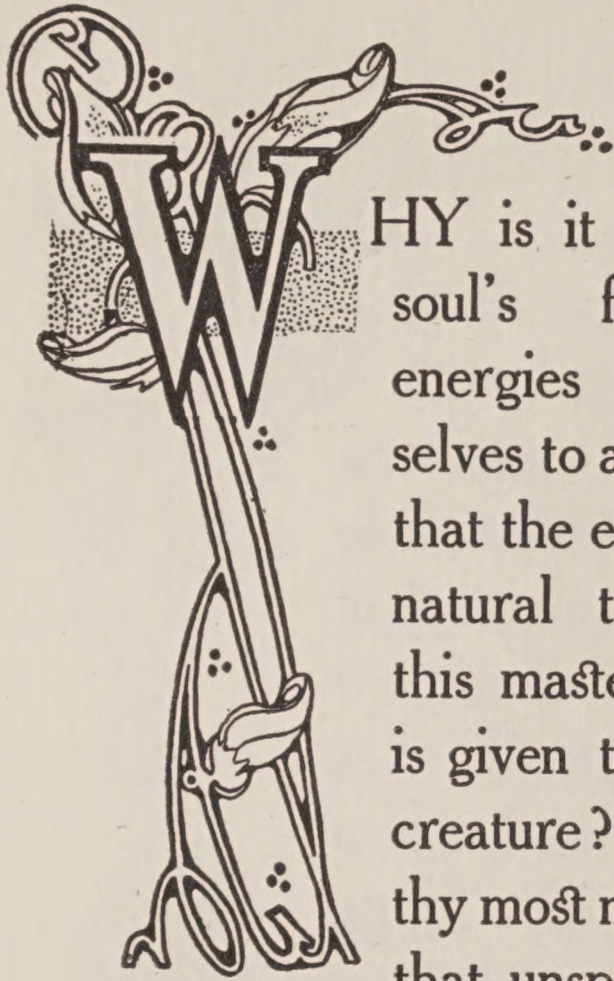
And sweetheart, our song will be of  
    the time,—

When we have come back, come  
    back:—



When storm and tempest sung songs  
    sublime,  
Or life and love were in sweetest  
    rhyme  
With faith and hope empack'd.



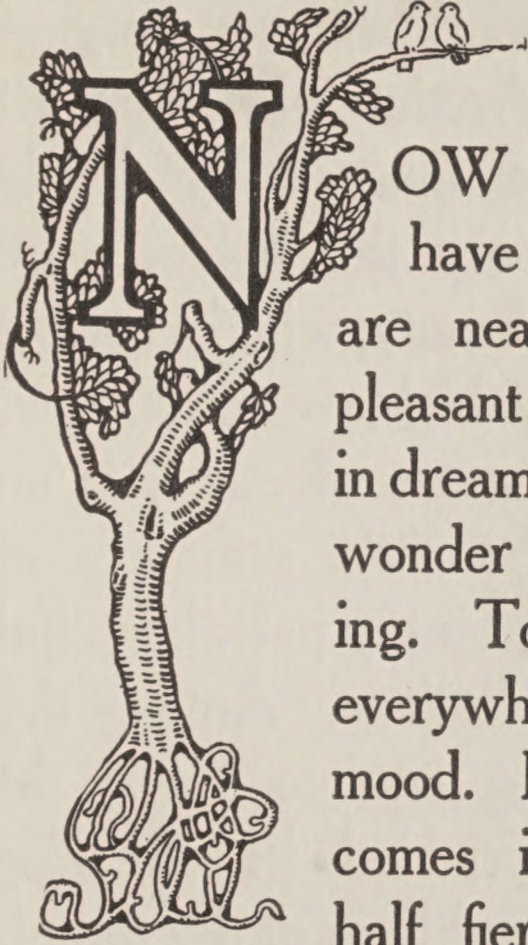


WHY is it when all the soul's faculties and energies reduce themselves to a single impulse that the expression most natural to give under this masterful influence, is given to some dumb creature?—the sympathy most natural to crave that unspoken by some dumb friend? Come Leo, I would bury my fingers in your soft fur and see deep down in your eyes the understanding you possess. Is it, Leo, based on the truer thing than human intelligence? Is it?









OW and again men have experiences that are near enough to the pleasant things that occur in dreamland to make them wonder if they are dreaming. To-day the wind is everywhere and in every mood. From the North it comes in long, hurrying half fierce sweeps, from the South with buoyancy but forceless, from the East and West in gusty puffs and swirls. We would watch all this from the Villa's windows on Naples



bay, here, it would be curious if I did not go out into it. Thought drifts or rather runs before it, shelters itself from it, plays on the edges of it.

The North wind brings a story of the Arctic,— "O Arctic night, thou art like a woman, a marvelously lovely woman. Thine are the noble, pure outlines of antique beauty, with its marble coldness. On thy high, smooth brow, clear with the clearness of ether, is no compassion for the little sufferings of despised humanity; on thy pale, beautiful cheek no blush of feeling. Among thy raven locks, waving out into space, the hoar frost has sprinkled its glittering crystals. The proud lines of thy throat, thy shoulders' curves are as noble, but, oh! unspeakably cold; thy bosom's white chastity is feelingless as the snowy ice. Chaste, beautiful and proud, thou floatest



through ether over the frozen sea, thy glittering garment, woven of aurora beams, covering the vault of heaven. But sometimes I divine a twitch of pain on thy lips, and endless sadness dreams in thy dark eyes. Oh how tired I am of thy cold beauty! I long to return to life. Let me get home again, as conqueror or as beggar, what does that matter? But let me get home to begin life anew. The years are passing here, and what do they bring? Nothing but dust, dry dust, which the first wind blows away; new dust comes in its place, and the next wind takes it too. Truth? Why should we always make so much of truth? Life is more than cold truth, and we live but once."

\* \* \* \*

"This snowless ice-plain is like a life without love—nothing to soften it.



The marks of all the battles and the hummocks of ice stand forth just as when they were made, rugged and difficult to move among. Love is life's snow. It falls on the past to soften into the gashes left by the fight—whiter and purer than snow itself. What is life without love? It is like this ice—a cold, bare, rugged mass, the wind driving it and rending it and then forcing it together again, nothing to cover over the open rifts, nothing to round away the sharp corners of the broken floes—nothing, nothing but bare, rugged drift ice."

The South wind calls to my Hesperia, "Oh, beautiful and limitless land, keep the soft mists about thee! The children of knowledge and experience never tire of turning to such as thee, slipping within the folds of thy mists for comfort and repose!"



From the West, from the East, there are  
Curious gusts that sweep over the  
plain,

They catch up the dust  
And they bring down the rain,  
They lay the grain low  
Beyond power to mow  
They break down the trees  
And they drown all the bees,  
Yet they're only queer gusts on the plain.

These are the winds that give significance to the peculiar thing that a "miscellaneous" day is, and since early morning all these winds have in turn been blowing, have had the day at their mercy and have brought to my feet a miscellaneous lot of leaves. If these scurry into some half sheltered recess it is only to be whisked out and off again. Some of these leaves bear messages to



me. On one, written from the Villa's garden, is a pathetic as well as symbolistic story of a sensitive plant there. In reading it I consider how, under the delicate enamel that the world compels such natures to put about them there goes on the same shrinking, the same folding closer, as with that exquisite plant, but with the human there is added a wide-eyed wonder at the rude hand's familiar touch. Possibly it is the sharp eye of curiosity that seeks to penetrate and give the dreaded touch. This dread of the uncongenial abides in sensitive natures not from a super-fastidiousness, or indeed from fastidiousness in any of its commonly accepted meanings, since these are they who shrink not from service but perform it with a gentle and strong composure where the banner of Love and Duty is



unfurled. Ah, I am making a long range application from a short range knowledge.

On one leaf I read a poem and on another find a sober bit of reasoning on a subject we like best without sober reasoning. A philosopher begins with an epigram not likely to be controverted—"There are more things in the world than are dreamt of by philosophy. Any delightful vision refreshes and invigorates the heart of a man, and seeing such a vision renews life!" And then he goes on to say that this is not the way he would make record of that sight to his eyes that renewal of life to his heart. He would not philosophize or fill his brain with abstract ideas, neither would he philosophize when through the remaining hours of the day he thought of that vision as a poet, as a lover, not as a philosopher.



The world is not supposed to believe in visions and yet every man sooner or later sees some one vision that he believes in. Is it curious? But the plaint of this man leads me to believe he did not carry away that something potent, which had touched the central figure of his vision. A rose, a leaf, anything that would carry with it the traditional charm. Countless of the heart-wounded have gone about wearing an air of content and of attainment all because they were wearing some such amulet.

That he did not possess himself of this thing seemingly so necessary to his peace, turned him into old familiar paths of discovery without avail. Is it because a man is philosopher and not a lover in his methods, that he sometimes fails to secure this little something that would



be the greatest benefaction to him?

Another question,—must a man cease to be a philosopher if he is to be a lover?

A belief there is that philosophy would be a safe-guard in the matter of love, but why do we consider it needful to safe-guard against anything so essentially good as love?

Curious! And curious too that we feel the lack of possession of this all-potent charm, this precious nothing that we value because of its nothingness! Certainly we are punished if we have been in the habit of seeing men delight in these value-enhanced articles without either an emotion of sympathy or of envy; and now ask what are lands, learning, estate or riches of any sort compared to the proof, some little token gives the while it bears about with it



the hope born of the vision seen?

These thoughts and sentiments reach beyond the confines of philosophy. A vision not of sleep but of wide open eyes leads a man to quench his thirst at another kind of spring: to turn away, to relinquish philosophy's cup, no wish to abate any of the sentiments in which he holds his vision, but to allow the faculties of the mind to obey the mandates of the soul.

If one thought out of the old philosophy obtrudes itself—to love thus means sorrow—love must answer; were it revealed that in a week of time this vision would pass wholly beyond sight, go beyond the reach of this life, so conscious would we be of what it has given so fully would that gift remain that we would realize the real sorrow of a life had not been to have seen a vision



and lost it, but not to have seen it. Once possessed, sorrow is less sorrow however the vision pass. Do I mean by this that the sight of the eyes, the sound of the voice is nothing? Far from it. Their nearness is the very fullness of joy, and yet the real sorrow to any life is not their passing out but had they never passed in.

Dante beheld a vision and left record of the truth!

Oh philosopher and the lover within thee, you are indeed at the goal when completion is yours, but are you not in dreamland?

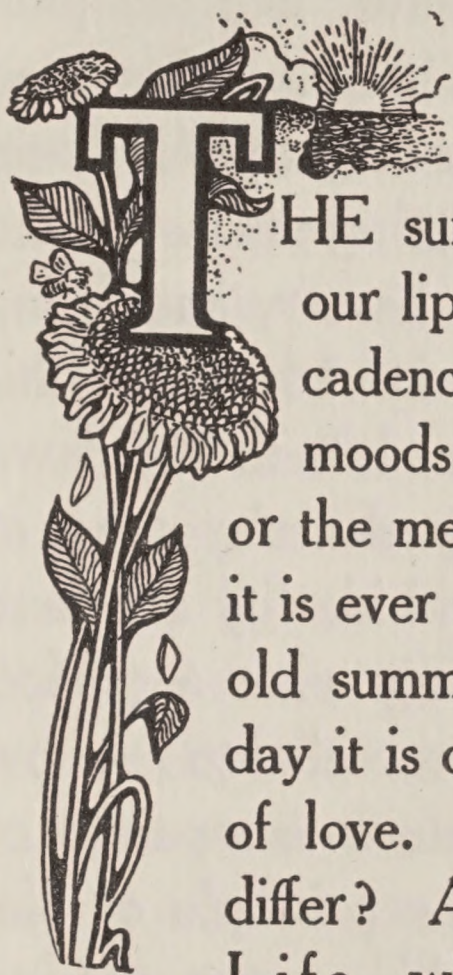
"—he slept, but was aware he slept,  
As who brain-sick made pact

Erst with the overhanging cataract  
To deafen him, yet still distinguished slow  
His own blood's measured clicking  
at his brow."









THE summer-time song is on our lips. We only vary its cadence to suit the shifting moods of the forest's shade or the meadow's sunlight, but it is ever and always the dear old summer-time song. One day it is of life, one day it is of love. Wherein do these differ? Alike they emphasize Life with greater force, Love with deeper tenderness. Alike they sing the song of the flower on its mountain's side, the song of the light on the crest of the breaking wave, the song



of the shade creeping from the forest's threatening gloom, the song of the fern softening the rock's barren face. During last night the roses have, like the pink hawthorne in the earlier spring, showered the ground with their bright pink leaves, transforming the quiet coolness of the green into a warmer beauty, and being my own gardener in Hesperia this warmer beauty is not lost to the lawn by a professional gardener's ideas of neatness. Beauty and ideality are here unmolested, and seeing what a perfect real they make, it is revealed to me how no expression of nature is separate or separable in the divine principle of life. In that principle all things are a unit and correlated in spirit; and to recognize this is also to recognize how the human mind may be sublimed,—brought into relationship with the things of the spirit and so



establish that fullness of fellowship in the individual life that as the eye sees and delights in the beauty and ideality of externals, so through the eye of the spirit will the mind see how these are united in the divine principle, are in themselves the principle, the only real.

To see this is to see the kind of a vision that sublimates mind, not creates a visionary mind, and imagination lends a hand only so far as it throws open the doors of light. Suppose imagination helps me to see the realms of beauty and ideality that are round about the star Hesperus—that "Green Knight"-of-the-sky whose name is a significant part of the beauty and ideality hereabouts—would it contribute more toward my mind's subliming than this vision of rose-leaf beauty come through the medium of the eye? We talk of the



higher, the lower, the nearer, the farther, but there are no gradations, no distances in the realms of the spirit neither in the human mind once it has entered into the true relationship.

It is hardly true that this relationship is discovered through the help of externals and imagination only, nor do we ever seriously believe it is, since deny it as we will, we know that the mind never attains to this sublime state except through the light shed upon it by faith. No man is unconscious of the intuition of faith and most men follow its leading more directly than they realize even while they are bewildering themselves in the realms of reason, reading the signs awrong, wearying over speculation, suspicious of the white light of truth because it shines through the medium of faith. And this is only one of the



countless ways leading to the castles  
Perilous and it is not strange the mind  
that is heedless of the "Green Knight's"  
guardianship wanders away into an  
unmapped country, but surely it is a  
grievous thing to lose through this one  
life's span, that true relationship to which  
body, mind and soul are ordained.

Who doubts that our true destiny  
waits at the door of a true intelligence?  
The wonder is that the glory does not  
shine through and radiate the darkness  
this side it.

What say the awakened? That  
the world is not beautiful to the sleeper,  
neither do the blind see the thing life  
is. The unawakened dream of rhyme  
and harmony, feel the pleasing lull of  
the dream but they do not hear how  
these are poetry and music in the soul,  
neither know how glorious is the measure



of harmony revealed through the Spirit, nor how vital is this harmony to the true relationship.

The beneficence that comes of making one's home on an island such as Hesperia is a matter of constant satisfaction since nature is neither dumb nor evasive of truth, and it would indeed be a dull ear that heard not, and a closed mind that saw not. To discredit the openness of her speech would be to proclaim our deafness, to accuse her of evasion, to proclaim an unawakened mind.

Therefore every phase of living in Hesperia is possessed of charms peculiarly its own. If these are gray in tone it does not follow that they are to be merged into a rayless black. Silver is with gray polarized and these are not inimical to sorrow, neither do they shut off the true and natural light belonging



thereto. Sorrow would turn toward us a more benign countenance did we not shroud her in that blackness of darkness that reigns outside the domains of the Spirit. What a grievous sin is this we suffer while all the time the stars of our destiny are shining with a silver-gray light!

To make no mistakes then, to feel no confusions in entering into new kingdoms or in shifting the scenery of the old, the mind must be as superior as is the soul to the conditions of the new; as harmonious as is the soul with the laws that are based on the everlasting, never changing principle divine.

How infinitely simpler to nature's intelligence is this thing we call divine-principle. Without questioning, without seeking she acts upon it. Without seeking, without questioning the roses in my garden bloomed and now without



questioning the leaves shower down  
making another form of beauty. Because  
of the changed form is the rose  
less,

The rose—the beautiful rose!

The fairest form that my garden  
grows?

The dew pearls bright her love-  
deep cup

And honey bees come their fill  
to sup:

She opens her heart to the warm,  
sweet rain,

And when it is done there's left no  
stain:

She veils not her face when the  
sun draws nigh

But lets his warm kisses her soft  
cheeks dye;

Nor do her eyes close to the wondrous  
light



Of the stars, that shine through every  
night:

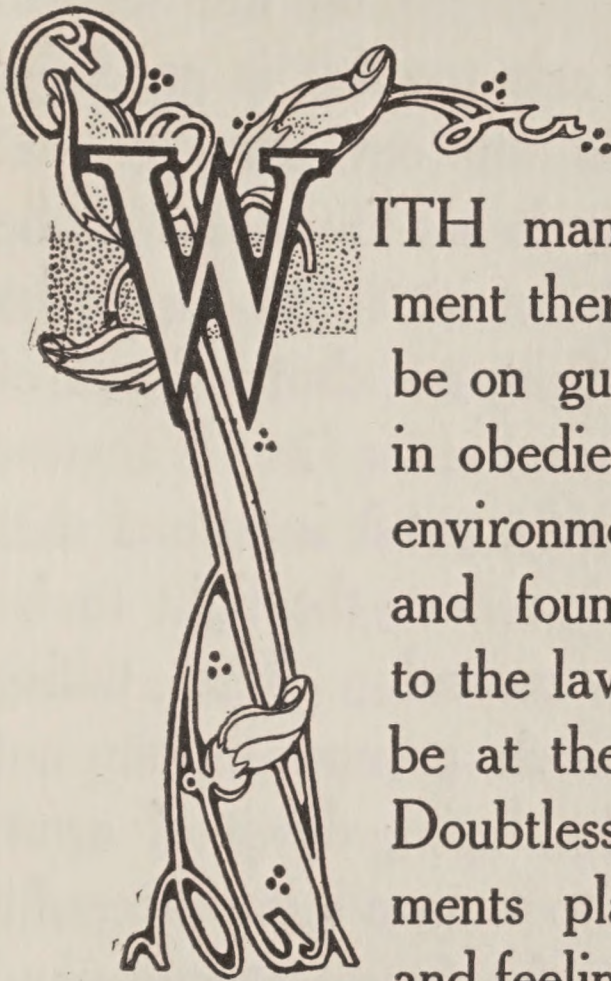
For she is a queen—this beautiful  
rose,

A queen by right of the crown she  
shows.









WITH many an environment there is reason to be on guard but when in obedience to law an environment is sought and found harmonious to the law, why fear to be at the mercy of it? Doubtless all environments play upon mind and feeling, have power to create, to elevate, to depress and to make it easy for nothing better than emotion to vibrate between them, and therefore it is wisdom to choose wisely,



discreetly, unless it be a matter of indifference, or war be as congenial as peace. I think, mio maestro, likes to test me, to put me on the witness stand when he asks me if it is good for man to choose an environment that ensures peace? Is not life meant to be a warfare? Is not rest for him who has fought the fight, not dropped out of the ranks before the end? I answer possibly—probably, yet it is agreed that good generalship means the fight to be from vantage ground. The taking possession of such ground means not capitulation, the laying down of arms, but the chance to wage a more successful warfare, to use the forces at command with that true economy which insures a reserve at command. It is for this that vantage ground is sought and when found occupied. That men die hopeless



in this search is alas all too true. Why?—Ah, maestro, there is a question for you to answer. Hereabouts the answer is written on all the green ramparts of nature.

Obedience! Obedience! is the clarion note of every leaf that bursts its bondage and flutters freely into life. Obedience! Obedience! is as sweetly voiced by every flower come up through root and stem to where it flings its glory free! All nature joins, the symphony rolls on; from mountain top from sea all free; free because obedient to law. Is there no precept or example in this? No proof that man through obedience has not the right to share in this universal freedom and granted specifically, under the law, to each seeker?

Men would not die hopeless did they listen to these clarion notes sounded



so unmistakably to every child of nature. In them is not promise but proof of fulfillment. To be under the law is not bondage, to be disobedient is to lose the freedom it insures.

All men are seekers, no man escapes the throes of the struggle, why then miss the goal? Is the warfare of the ages too strenuous? The route of march too circuitous? There are sharp turns in the road that any man may take advantage of; there are glimpses to be had through nature's green walls everywhere along the route. There is only to look, to listen, to break away and take possession of some individual piece of vantage ground, some Hesperia that is washed by the waves of an infinite sea. All seas look infinite with their shoreless stretch of living green waves carrying the eye easily over, and



the imagination easily out and beyond the sky line's demarkation, and this infinity may be as real as it looks. It is the first day of a new year to any seeker that day on which he breaks away from the rank and file and from his own vantage ground looks out upon an infinite sea.

How comes it that with so many weary marchers there is only here or there one who breaks the ranks and finds his own Hesperia?—and stands at the sea's edge alone? Does this one feel alone? Loneliness would be a new sensation to any child of nature; and every man is a child of nature once he has felt the close ties that bind him to her, felt the beneficence of that law which makes him free.

Out in the open, standing on the shores of the emerald sea, he can still discern the gray outlines of a country



dotted thickly with great temples and halls of learning, and still can recognize the seekers going in and out. Some are teachers, some are learners. Which is which? Perhaps his remove is now too far to tell—perhaps. At all events it seems to mean nothing to any but himself, to him it means all. What teach they in those great halls? What learn they? "Heaven is within a man"? So he had heard it whispered there. Did any man give evidence of that truth? Ambition and learning and fame were everywhere inscribed upon the walls, everywhere the slogan of the eager hosts. How many hear?

Once and again it is heard, and then, oh the fathoms deep of the soul's sensations!

Easy quite to see the glory of the laurel-crowned who pass

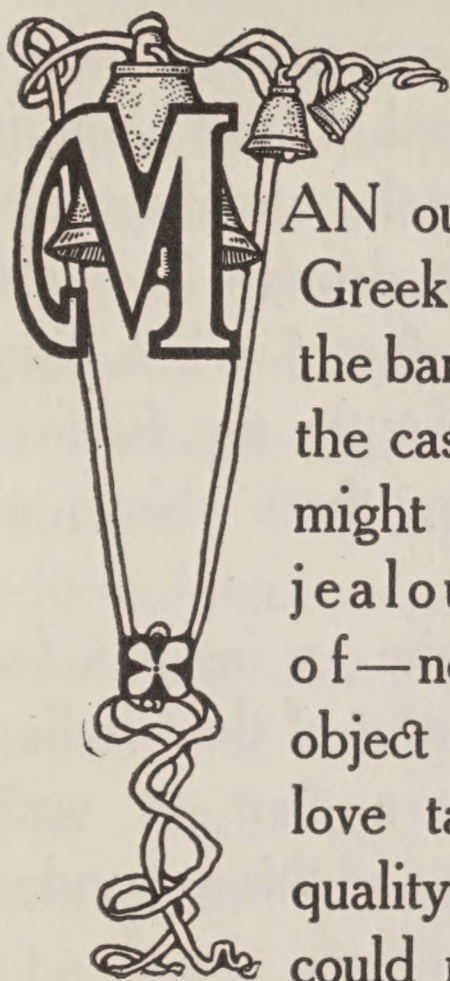


With sound of trumpet, blaze of banners,  
    through the thronging mass.  
But where the sight to pierce the  
    flesh-mesh  
    Look within the soul, and see the  
    rapture in the coming  
    Of God's servant to the goal?  
Whispered low he hears the story of a  
    heaven within,  
All its glories all its triumphs, these  
    are his to win.









MAN ought to inscribe the Greek word *Zanthos* on the banner that he floats over the castle of his love. This might insure his being so jealous in the care of—not jealous of—the object of his love, that his love taking on the godly quality of protection, he could neither cease to love nor change its evidences to a species of patronage; and so give beautiful evidence that that which it protects; a truth to be ratified by man if he would establish his



right to the title of protector and give evidence that sentiments within him are not masquerading in some domino and making a poor travesty in the royal robes of Love. To inscribe a man's banner with the word *Zanthos*, is also to gather up its color significance—jealousy—and so not deprive it of the glory the Greeks conferred when they used it as an epithet for the sun, for fire, for wax, for honey, these things of the golden hue.

If I were to devise an insignia for what I call, "The Order of the Circling Days" it would be a star set with brilliants, ruby center, and this suspended by a ribbon of golden hue.

During some of these days I get into whirlpools of thought and do not get out easily, though there begins to be revealed to me the meaning of, "from



Philip drunk to Philip sober." Yet withal I shall not extricate myself without the sensation of having had my mental faculties drenched if not drowned.

This experience is an easy one. Let the mind lie fallow for a day and then have it suddenly and delightfully inspired, the inspiration insuring every gradation from soberness to intoxication. In semi-intoxication it best loves to romance. The beginning may be with a formal *mise-en-scène* which, as in all romancing, soon gives way to that swell and swirl of feeling induced by thought. The day's light mellows and the atmosphere is suffused with softness. The clouds of the sky grow light and fleecy, the mists of the sea warm with perfume. There is wealth of Oriental splendour pervading this semi-sober romancing that keeps reaching back into



the deeper intoxication rather than forward into the soberer light. The morrow's light will be sober in comparison because it can only know by hear-say of this morning's Orient glow; its exaltations and satisfactions, its whole and complete degree of feeling, its no solitariness. In this fullness there is no craving, no reaching for human touch, no seeking to turn the channel of human sympathy on to the lands that are everywhere emerald in their green.

From here—just over the great world's border—it is both pleasant and easy to consider how all things could be got into rhythmic swing and then at the end of the swing come into a perfect, if a trembling poise. In the order of things there are four cardinal virtues belonging to the perfect character,—prudence, justice, fortitude, temperance.



How easy then, how rhythmic the swing if prudence be allowed to guide will, if temperance be allowed to govern passion, and if fortitude and justice be given the sustaining power. What a charming picture these virtues thus employed make. Serenity and contentment being the possessions of the soul with character in poise. They would become the possessions of the mind.

Where is the exclamation, "Oh the depth of the human heart!" and the question, "Who can sound it?" This heart of man seems to me far easier to understand, to sound the depth of, than to even approximately come at an understanding of the human mind. A man may take his heart into his hand, measure it, drop the plumb line of some great joy into its depths and may so fix the line as to mark which way the



surface currents, and how far, are likely to carry it. He allows for some drift, which matters not, the plumb lying as it is safe at the deeps. But what can he do with his mind? That illusive and elusive thing without which neither he nor his heart are of value, with which he and his soul need to grapple?

On some one day he believes this mind of his to have come into poise, believes it has taken a firm hold of that sub-knowledge which is the best possession of every man, and then some apprehension with no thread of truth in it comes rattling past and he relaxes his hold of the helm, lets go and begins a futile fight with waves that had had no power at all with his hand firm.

\* \* \* \*

But, addio, addio, to all that. Truth in its sobriety gets too fast hold!

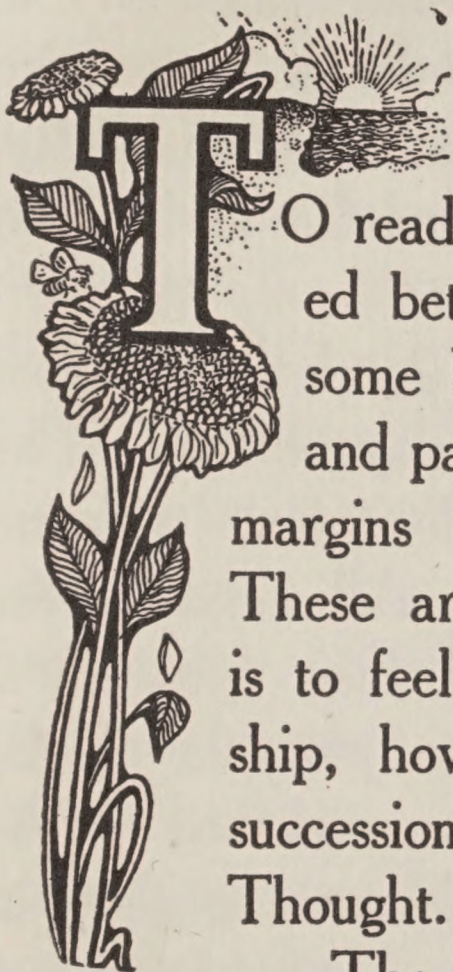


I love better the way an artist or poet delineates the truth,—their delicately suggestive ways, their gentle handling of the exquisite fabrics without danger of marring them. These gifted ones trace pictures instead of sentences, cut soft lines in marble instead of inscribing hard ones on paper. If eyes see the same things, and minds think the same things it is then only the hand's gift that differs? Buono!









O read the thoughts recorded between the covers of some books, to turn page and page and all along the margins to write "Amen—These are my very own"—is to feel how close the kinship, how direct the line of succession in the realm of Thought.

The immortality of youth is nowhere else made such sure record of. The old and the new nowhere else so blended, so harmonized, made one in the bonds of the spirit. We talk



of the "spirit-of-the-age"—a thing belonging to separate epochs of time, and it is transmitted to us within the covers of these books of youth immortal. In these are our own thoughts recorded even to the day's detail. In one, to-day, I read my own record for to-day and have but to copy.

Dated it is 1142, eleven hundred and forty two? To-day as then "The clock has stopped. I sit here with no company but books. All minds in the world's history find their focus in a library. This is the pinnacle of the temple from which we may see all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. I keep Egypt and the Holy Land next the window. Beside them is Athens and the Empire of Rome.

Never was such an army mustered as I have here. No general ever had



such soldiers. No kingdoms ever had half such illustrious subjects as mine, or half as well governed.

I can put my haughtiest subjects up or down, as it pleases me. \* \* \*

I call "Plato" and he answers! A noble and sturdy soldier he. "Aristotle"—a host in himself—"Demosthenes," "Cicero," "Cæsar," "Tacitus," "Pliny,"—"Here!" they all answer and smile on me in their immortality—their youth; modest all, they never speak unless spoken to. Bountiful all, they never refuse to answer. And they are all at peace together. My architects are, without sound of hammer, building night and day; my painters designing, my poets singing, my philosophers discoursing, my historians and theologians weaving their tapestries, and my generals marching their troops without noise or blood stain.



I hold all Egypt in fee-simple. I  
build not a city but empires at a word.

\* \* All the world is around me,  
all that ever stirred human hearts or  
fired the imagination is harmlessly here.  
My library shelves are the avenues of  
time. Ages have wrought, generations  
grown, and all their blossoms are cast  
down here. Here is the garden of  
immortal fruits, without dog or dragon."

\* \* \* \*

Yesterday it was the old Archbishop  
of Poitiers who wrote my day's notes  
for me, to-day it is an older chronicler.—  
He says for me, "I go into my library,  
and like some great panorama, all  
history unrolls itself before me. I breathe  
the morning air of the world while the  
scent of Eden's roses yet linger in it.

\* \* \* I see the Pyramids build-  
ing, I hear Memnon murmur as the first



morning sun touches him.       \*       \*       \*

I sit as in a theatre; the stage is time, the play is the play of the world. What a spectacle it is! What kingly pomp! What processions pass by! What cities burn to heaven! What crowds of captives are dragged at the heels of conquerors! In my solitude I am only myself at intervals. The silences of the unpeopled Syrian plains, the incomings and outgoings of the Patriarchs,—Abraham and Ishmael and Isaac in the field at eventide; Rebecca at the well,—Jacob's guile, Esau's face reddened by desert suns, Joseph's splendid funeral procession—all these things I find within the boards of my Old Testament.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Books are the true Elysian Fields where spirits converse,—couched on



flowers; and to these fields a mortal may venture unappalled.

What king's court can boast such company? What school of philosophy such wisdom? No man sees more company than I. I travel with mightier cohorts around me than did Tamerlane and Zenghi's Kahn in their fiery marches.

In my library I am a sovereign!"

\* \* \* \*

The familiar with the pure flow from classic springs cares little for the attenuated rivulets that, here and there, find their way out and about, and yet such do serve to irrigate soil that else might never show a blossom. But oh, fortunate familiar, what return makest thou for these draughts from the classic spring? Return? There are no returns to make, there is only recognition! Sit at the edge of the spring and let your



heart be reflected from its pure deeps; walk along the soul's heights and see how a man can be transfigured, and then take up the book again and see how on and on, simple and natural, and to the very truth the records run.

\* \* \* \*

"This paradisiacal domain lies ever open before our feet. These gardens rich with the opulence of heaven. You may breathe this pure and exhilarating atmosphere as you sit with those high souls whom God has illuminated with the flame of genius. Glorious leaders are waiting to welcome you, and gentle saints to sit as brethren at your side. Why need any man feel 'cabin'd,' 'cribb'd,' 'confined,' in pettiness when at the lifting of a latch he may enter into 'unimaginable realms of faerie?'

Why need we be drowned in



disappointment and listlessness, as with that tide on the coast of Lincolnshire, 'always shallow, yet always deep enough to drown,' when \* \* he may as it were, hear Heaven's Seraphim choiring round the sapphire throne? Can he not escape from those whom the poet calls, "Men slugs and human serpentry"; and can he not be relieved from life's worst enemies,—relaxation, fretful and lawless passions, "spirits of wasted energy and wandering desire, of unappeased famine and unsatisfied hope"—by communion with these kingly and radiant souls? A man who lives in this high society will walk through the world with the open eyes of wonder and the receptive mind of intelligence. He will believe in God; he will believe in man; he will believe in conscience; he will believe in duty; and while he



believes in these, no darkness without  
can ever wholly quench that light within  
which is a reflection of the light of God  
himself in the human soul.

The best books of man will throw  
more and more widely open before him  
the Books of God, which are best  
interpreted by that Chosen Literature of  
the Chosen People, which we specially  
describe as the Book of God."

\* \* \* \*

"The winds breathe softly on the violet  
bank,  
The thunder storm is heard afar on  
Lebanon,  
But felt not"

here, where together with these  
immortals there is a chorus of younger  
voices; a pastoral hymn in sylvan rhythm  
that gives a glimpse of color, a flutter  
of wings—



A honey bee's kiss—and sweet hum—  
And what's yielded up to the smile  
of the sun?

A butterfly kisses the lips of a rose  
And what's yielded up in the  
fragrance that goes?

A star bends down from out of the blue  
The secret to tell to the listening  
few!



HERE, then, ends Italian Portraits in Engadine Frames written by Mrs. Lydia Ethel F. Painter, and made into this book by Mrs. Helen Bruneau Van Vechten at the Philosopher Press which is in Wausau Wisconsin at the Sign of the Green Pine Tree, and finished this 21<sup>st</sup> day of December mcmiv.

¶ One hundred copies printed from type and the type distributed.



























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